Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1659.

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[THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 2, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, October 2, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

Anthony

Pearl Argyle

Ballerina at Sadler's Wells

Lovely Pearl Argyle has joined the Vic-Wells Ballet Company for their new season, which started last Monday. She is a pupil of Marie Rambert's, and a member of the Ballet Club, for whom she will continue to dance. She has made several appearances on the stage, was première danseuse in "Ballyhoo" and the Cochran show, "Helen," and has now got a part in the Wells' film, "Things to Come." She is a very accomplished and attractive dancer, and one of the most promising ballerinas of purely English training and experience. At Sadler's Wells her roles include "Sylphides," "Carnaval," "Façade," which is being done for the first time by this Company next Tuesday, and "Baiser de la Fée," Frederick Ashton's new ballet to Stravinsky's music, which goes into the repertoire in November

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 122

Oliver Messel

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

OLIVER MESSEL is probably the only young man in the country to whom the much-abused word "genius" can be safely applied. Even Max Reinhardt thinks so and says so. His stage décor and stage costumes are utterly brilliant. Do you remember *Helen*? There is also *Glamorous Night*, both of which he did. At the moment Sam Goldwyn is paying him three hundred pounds a week to dress Romeo and Juliet in Hollywood.

Barely thirty, Oliver Messel has slightly satanic eyebrows, a round forehead, pointed ears, flashing white teeth, curly hair, and the general appearance of a faun. He never smokes nor drinks, and yet adores parties. He is a brilliant mimic, Johnny McMullen being one of his best-known butts. Other set pieces are "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "Luna Hotel, Venice." You see, Oliver Messel is utterly eighteenth century and has a passion for dressing up. In addition, he dances beautifully, is bored by music, seldom reads, swims well, and is oddly indifferent to comfort. He is Hessian by extraction and heliophile by nature. He cannot do without the sun. In the winter he has ray treatment. In the summer he spends every available minute sun-bathing.

HE went to Hawtrey's and Eton, though his delicate health made the latter seminary merely a series of week-ends for him. By contrast, he never went to Oxford but was always there. Instead, he studied under Tonks and John Wells at the Slade. Glyn Philpot also helped him, with the result that he is a first-class portrait painter, though his meteoric success in the theatre dates from the day when C. B. Cochran saw his exhibition of masks.

He lives in Yeoman's Row. He is devoted to his sister, Lady Rosse. He cannot always explain what he wants when on the job. But he is a practical man of the theatre and though he needs encouragement, can be extremely stubborn. Rococo and Russian ballets, pale pink and peasant costumes, are his chief loves. He is very generous and has an excellent eye. His family say that he is a dead shot and an inspired tennis player. But I confess I would never have thought it. He is always grateful to C. B. Cochran, who has employed him so often. He did the décor of the San Marco restaurant, and now seems to be in a fair way to achieving his pinnacle of success in Hollywood—a curious contrast to the career of his grandfather, Linley Sambourne, whom old-stagers will remember as the famous *Punch* cartoonist of last century.

Left: Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, Elsa Lanchester, and her husband, Charles Laughton, were all in a huge party that went on to the Dorchester after "The Dark Angel" première. Charles Laughton's moustache is something new in London night life

Below: Noel Coward, Mrs. Post, Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge), and Fredric March were at the terrifically star-ish "Dark Angel" première. Fredric March is the hero of the film

Dorchester Supper Party

Night Life

Begins to Hum Again

Curzon Première

The Hon. Leo and Mrs. Russell went to the première of "Music in the Blood," at the Curzon. She was Rosemary Wintour, and they were married last May

Film First Night

Lady Mary Lygon, John Sutro, Merle Oberon, and Peter Lindsay sat in a row to see "The Dark Angel" at Leicester Square. Merle Oberon stars in it and has scored a clear success

Left:

Balcony Scene—Café de Paris

Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke is the lovely in this Café de Paris foursome; the men are V. Dunkerley, Victor Seely, Sir Hugh Seely's brother, and a prospective M.P., and Captain Stanley Clarke

Photographs by Swaebe

Racing at Perth

Miss Gelda MacGregor, Lord Townshend, and Mr. Dochie MacGregor of Cardney were at the Perth Hunt meeting at Scone Palace, which pretty well winds up the two months' Scottish season

Right: Lord Howland and his monocle are with Miss Rosemary Maitland - Makgill - Crichton. He was staying in her mother's party for Perth. He's the Duke of Bedford's grandson and is eighteen

Scottish

This Week the News Is Mostly of Perthshire

Above are Lord Reay and Miss Jean Scott attending very seriously to the next race's entries. She is Lord George Scott's daughter and twin sister of Mrs. Thomas Hacket-Pain

Below: Lord Airlie is one of the officials of the Perth meeting; he is walking round with Lady Alexandra Haig

Right: Sir Torquil and Lady Munro came over to Perth from Forfarshire, where his place, Lindertis, is. She was Moira Hunter, and they were married last year

Miss Peg Deuchar had Miss Joan de Burgh-Whyte staying with her at North Berwick. They are both eighteen and will be coming out officially next year

Captain Frank Wallace and Lady Cawdor were photographed at the Northern Meeting at Inverness. He is the big-game hunter, author and artist, whose pictures of deer-stalking and shooting are to those sports what Lionel Edwards's work is to hunting

Roundabout

Lord and Lady Suffolk and Miss Olive Muir, who writes thrillers, were at the Bogside race meeting. Lady Suffolk was Mimi Crawford before her marriage last year

Below: Lord Waleran and Miss Eileen Tweedie had just finished a round of golf at North Berwick

Below: Mr. Howard Stepney and Miss Ursula Horlick, who are engaged, were at the Gleneagles Hotel for lunch

Below: Lord Newport, Lord Bradford's only son, and the Hon. Patricia St. Clair, Lord and Lady Sinclair's daughter, were also at North Berwick

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE Embassy Club re-opened its doors on Tuesday night. Lots of new clothes, a little new jewellery, a few new faces. We missed Ambrose with his crooked smile, but it was so full and so many tall men in the way, he may have been there. You can't see much, when you 're sitting down, with Messrs. Tommy Weldon, Charlies Mills and Bill Ekyn on the floor.

Two New Diamond Clips

ALTHOUGH packed and great fun, the Embassy has changed a lot. It seems to be in the possession of quite different people—the fact being that the "regulars" and "sofa-ites" are comparatively new. The former "regulars" turn up now and then, scarcely recognised, and are dotted about the room. Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, was one of the prettiest women there the other night. She wore a pink and blue flowered dress and had her hair done in a new way. Mrs. Betty Fielden (Mills by now) was wearing two marvellous new diamond clips. Lady Jersey was there with several Weldons and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar.

The Peter Thursbys and Lady Milbanke and Terence Phillips arrived very late. Pretty Virginia Cherrill was with the Milford Havens, Lord and Lady Queensberry were others we remember among the throng.

Trundled Down to Margate

AUDREY and Waveney Carten have written a new play called *Strawberry Leaves*, and, as they are old friends of ours, we trundled down to see the opening at Margate last week. It 's an excellent farcical comedy, and is coming to London at an early date. Emma Trechman, the leading-lady, has understudied Gertrude Lawrence, and picked up many of her enchanting mannerisms.

Heaven Help the Owners

IF a seaside hotel belongs to one of the large companies, it can, we suppose,

Lady Jersey and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Mansel Child-Villiers, went together to the Furlong-Kingsmill wedding. The reception was at Mrs. Redmond McGrath's house in Hampstead, with the cake and the champagne in the garden

Swaebe

Mr. Frank Furlong and Miss Pamela Kingsmill

Frank Furlong, elder son of Major and Mrs. Furlong, of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, and Pamela Kingsmill, daughter of Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, drinking each other's health after their wedding last Thursday at St. Marylebone, York Gate

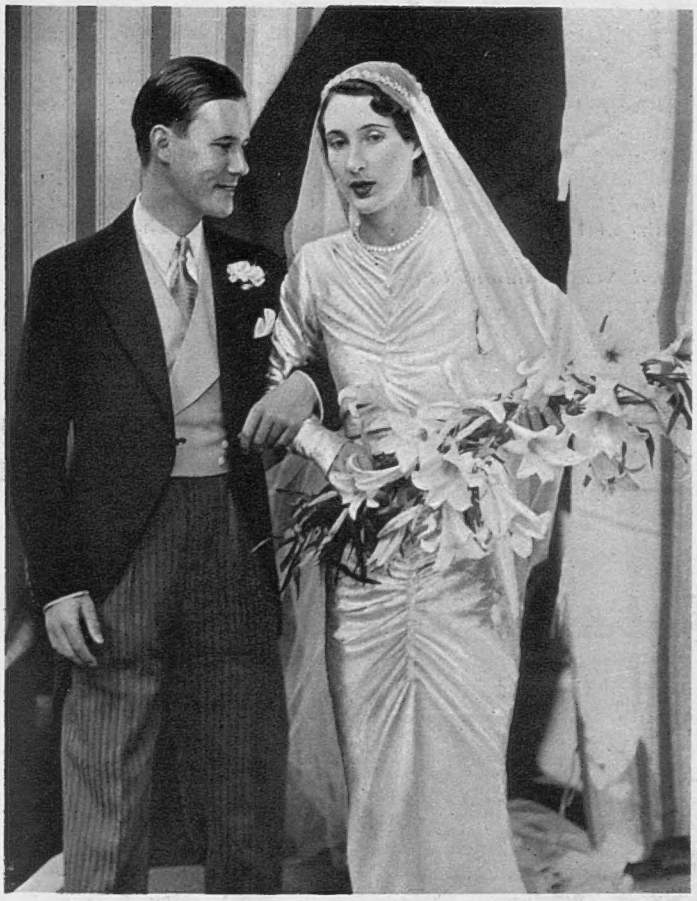
Mr. George Rothe Bellew and Miss Ursula Cull

Left: George Bellew and Ursula Cull were married last week at the Brompton Oratory. He is the Somerset Herald, and son of the late Hon. Richard Bellew and the Hon. Mrs. Bellew. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull, of Ash Green, Surrey

Lady Pamela Smith and the Hon. Michael Berry

Michael Berry, Lord Camrose's second son, and Lady Pamela Smith who announced their engagement two weeks ago, were photographed in the garden of the Camroses' house in St. James's Place

Right: yet another of last week's weddings was between Douglas James Bailey, son of Lieut.-Colonel F. G. G. Bailey and Lady Janet Bailey, and Joan Grenfell, daughter of Brig.-General H. M. Grenfell and the late Lady Muriel Grenfell. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Mr. Douglas Bailey and Miss Joan Grenfell

survive the shortness of a summer season, but if it is a private concern, heaven help the owners. It was only mid-September when we arrived at the Margate hotel of our choice, yet, when we asked for rooms for a night the clerk said, "One night only, we close to-morrow!" In the deserted bar, a lonely barmaid implored us not to hope for a cocktail, as there was no ice, and the empty corridors upstairs echoed with our tardy footsteps.

On leaving, we packed our belongings with meticulous care, feeling that anything we overlooked would be locked up until next Easter!

How Time Flies!

FARMING may be a picturesque profession, but seldom a paying one. Umberto, the maître d'hôtel of the San Marco, has a son who is apparently the exception to the general rule, for he runs a prosperous farm near Bordeaux, where his white-haired father has just spent a holiday. He seemed overjoyed to be back in his now famous restaurant when we dined there the other evening. How time flies. It is nearly a year since the opening, for which Mrs. Fellowes and Oliver Messel gave a stupendous party.

Best-Looking Portrait Painter

PESSIMISTS shrugged their shoulders when Capt. Gordon Halsey essayed to put the ill-fated restaurant at Devonshire House on the Mayfair map, but that astute night-club king knew just what he was about, and we shall be surprised if his backers don't get a very comforting dividend for the San Marco's first year.

One of our most successful—and certainly our best-looking — portrait-painter, was there the other night, in the person of Mr. Simon Elwes, who was dining with his wife and the Eddy Barons.

A Common or Garden Guest

MADAME PRUNIER may be justly proud of her restaurant in St. James's Street for two reasons. One, that it is one of the few places in London that Lady Alice Scott has patronised while trousseau-buying (she lunched there with the Countess of Bradford one day recently), and that at her annual oyster and game party, held last Sunday night, congratulatory speeches in both Scotch and French were made. The first, and very ably (with reference to porridge and the Kirk, ye ken) by Sir William Crawford, of advertising fame. It may have been one of the speakers or just a common or garden guest, who spoke of the vast importance of the right wines with the right food (for the right people), not just the careless ordering of the worst, or the best champagne. That's the lazy way out, but perhaps the better for all concerned next morning!

A Few Gaps

COVENT GARDEN was full on the opening night of the two-weeks' autumn season. In the interval, the hall, stairs and bar seemed as packed as on any night in the season. Actually, in the audience, one saw a few gaps.

Lady Cunard, Lady Diana Cooper and young Lady Jersey were in the Royal box. The Duchess of Rutland and the Countess de Janzé were next door. The latter has interesting and attractive looks, with very blue eyes and almost straight brown hair. Tilly Losch, in a long red taffetas coat, was with Sir Alfred Beit, and a recently married couple sighted were Lord and Lady Moore. We caught a glimpse of Beverly Nicholls in the bar. He always looks so well and sunburnt—it's that garden of his, we suspect, that keeps him so fit.

A Tremendous Success

MUSIC-LOVERS will have an opportunity of hearing a new and interesting pianist on October 15th, when Charles Naegelé gives a recital at the Grotrian Hall.

He has had a tremendous success in New York, playing with Stokovisky and Koussevitzky, and he was soloist with both these orchestras in Boston and Philadelphia.

Her Beloved Seville

LADY LINDSAY HOGG (Frances Doble) who has been paying visits in Scotland, is shortly returning to her beloved Seville. She stayed first with Lady Portarlington and went on to Wemyss for Ayr Races. Others in Lord Inverclyde's party included Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké, Mrs. Bethell and her daughter, Miss Pat Charles, Mr. Rex Colclough, Capt. Tommy Greaves and Mr. Malcolm Wombwell.

A Majestic Appearance

ONE dress collection this season is a sensation. Chenille hair nets on our hair, gloves made of fox, if you please, monk's hoods and saris covering our heads.

Mme. Yvonne d'Arles went with music-critic Ernest Newman to the opening night of the Opera Festival at Covent Garden, when Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the first operatic performance of Delius's "Koanga"

Miss Sarah Churchill

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's second daughter was also at Covent Garden that night. She had just got back from Scotland

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

We saw the designer herself the other day lunching at the Ritz, in a bright purple dress and extraordinary little cap with a long, straight feather. That 's the place to go to see what everyone is wearing. Fewer girls lunch "hatless in tweeds" at the Ritz and Claridge's than anywhere else. Those high, Italian officers' hats are amusing. Mrs. Ansell has one with an avalanche of coq feathers that suits her majestic appearance. Mrs. "Lucky" Dewar was also there that day, in a lovely new shade of "church-window" blue.

The Male Stars Cried

THE lights at the Leicester Square Theatre should be kept down for three minutes at the end of *The Dark Angel*, so that people could recover from their tears. It 's terrifically sad, exquisitely acted, and a sincere and human story. We have remained unmoved many times at the sight of the glycerine tears of some famous stars, but Merle Oberon's sensitive performance is completely heartrending.

At Wednesday night's "première" even the male film stars in the audience, who are used to it all, cried quite openly, and eye-black poured down the women's faces.

An Out-Size Aquamarine

THERE was an enormous party at the Dorchester afterwards in honour of Merle Oberon and Fredric March, the former wearing an out-size aquamarine ring and a chiffon dress to match. Mr. Noel Coward and both the Fairbanks were there, Lady Ashley looking even lovelier than usual, Elsa Lanchester in a quaint black coat, Charles Laughton—surely much thinner and younger-looking than you and I expected. Gertrude Lawrence in great good looks after her simple-life holiday, was wearing a dress that made news, of amethyst taffetas with an enormous collar of mauve, purple and white violets. Lady Hardwicke, Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger, and Mrs. Langland Post, an attractive American visitor, were also in this party.

"A Jockey at Heart"

A BACHELOR'S wedding-party may be very amusing for the hero of the evening and his friends, but we like them at a distance in a restaurant. It was Mr. Furlong's turn on Wednesday night, and although they were fairly quiet and good "considering," a few wet carnations down your bare back and glass splintering all round you is not quite our idea of a perfect evening.

Mr. Teddy Underdown, who is a jockey at heart, though an actor by profession, was in this party, and is rehearsing for the new Noel Coward six-play repertory company.

Arouses Our Envy

MISS IRIS ASHLEY was at the Film and at the Dorchester that night. She is one of the people we envy in this world. Her red-gold hair, her sense of humour, her mews in Mayfair and her cottage in Sussex, are all things we would like to own, not to mention a mink cape she was wearing, and a new film contract in the offing.

Unobtrusive Grandeur

IN the wee sma' hours, we note Mrs. Simon Marks at the "400"—in a most becoming dress, silver fox "bertha" round her shoulders, and Mlle. Hedwich, a lovely Frenchwoman, in the best dress we saw during the entire week. She was also wearing one of those very new platinum bracelets, made of flexible bars, each one studded with a tiny ruby or diamond. They are the best example of unobtrusive grandeur we have ever seen: so quiet and obviously fabulous. Miss Sheila Roche bought two out of her Biarritz winnings, and we hear that it was the Marquise de Portago who started the vogue.

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton

A snapshot from Scotland of Mrs. Kenneth Thornton (Angela Brett, that was) and her small son, Timothy. Her husband and his brother, Dick Thornton, are joint owners of Glen Doll, the famous Angus deer forest

A Grand Piano as Bait

EARLIER that same evening (Thursday) we had seen Lady Sheila Durlacher and her husband at the Embassy, also Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lord Sefton, and Captain Aly Mackintosh in a large party.

What else ? Oh, the "Shim Sham" sent out and bought a new Steinway Grand in order to capture that wizard, Garland Wilson. Well, if that fails, we may be able to go home earlier, and get some beauty sleep, if that 's any consolation.

MISS PEEPS

Above: *Mrs. John Musker*

Below: *Lady Elizabeth Hare*

Bertram Park

Tunbridge

Mrs. Harry Roy

Countess de Pret Roose

Lots in a Name . . .

No. 2. Elizabeth

ELIZABETH being one of the nicest names—and also one of the few that never go out of fashion—this selection of seven socialite possessors of it was made because everyone of them is as decorative as the name is pleasant. Beyond that, the choice is a random one and doesn't prove a thing. Some of them, anyway, are "Betty" to their friends, and one of them might even be "Liz." The Countess de Pret Roose, for instance, was Betty Garland, and Lady Churston was Betty du Pre, although she was christened Elizabeth Mary. Mrs. John Musker was Elizabeth Loeffler. Mrs. Wrenn Dupont was Elizabeth Wrenn and is going to be Mrs. Leonard Govett. Mrs. Harry Roy was Elizabeth Brooke and also Princess Pearl; she has just had her appendix out. Lady Elizabeth Hare is also Cecilia; her eldest brother is Lord Listowel, who married an attractive Hungarian wife two years ago. Lady Elizabeth Hester Mary Paget is the second of Lord and Lady Anglesey's five daughters; Mary seems to be their "signature name," as each of the five girls has it

Mrs. Wrenn Dupont

Lady Churston

Lady Elizabeth Paget

GRETA GARBO AS ANNA KARENINA

Greta Garbo's second appearance as the heroine of Tolstoy's tragic love story is a first-class event for every kind of filmgoer — whether they "adore" Garbo as their favourite actress, whether they want to compare her new performance with the old in this rôle, or whether the changed technique of presentation is the focal point of their interest. The first film of "Anna Karenina" was actually made as long ago as 1903, in the cinema's very earliest days. Twenty-three years later, Garbo appeared with John Gilbert in the second silent version which was called "Love," and which most people remember well. To-day Fredric March plays Vrousky to Garbo's Anna, Basil Rathbone is the husband, and Freddie Bartholomew is the son. Clarence Brown directed. The new "Anna Karenina" goes to the Empire next Friday

Sasha

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT

Here's what the orchestra sees of Malcolm Sargent, the brilliant conductor who looks like Raymond Massey and has a technique as taut and clear as a guardsman's drill. He was forty last birthday, comes from Lincolnshire, had his first appointment as the organist at Melton Mowbray Church, is an accomplished pianist (pupil of Moiseiwitch), and now fills a vast number of official positions in the musical world. Chief of these are as conductor-in-chief to the Royal Choral Society, musical director of the Courtauld-Sargent combination (whose programme of concerts starts on October 14th), conductor of the Robert Mayer concerts for children (his small audiences are completely enthralled by his lectures and demonstrations), and as a professor at the Royal College of Music. Malcolm Sargent has a very charming and attractive wife, and a son and daughter

DUNLOP FORT 20
DUNLOP FORT 20

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

SHRINKING instinctively, as sensitive natures must, from the orgies of sweet, pink, standardised mass-gushery involved in America's annual Mothers' Day, we observe without emotion that they 've now adopted this festival in France. In France the occasion will obviously be less sugary but more ceremonious, the traditional French mother being such a matriarch absolute that elderly, bearded, Legion-of-Honour-decorated sons, after years of cynical Parisian bachelorhood, have been known to blush and stammer like nervous schoolboys when begging her blessing and leave to marry. We don't think we need a Mothers' Day in this country, just yet. What we need very badly is a national Aunties' Day. Aunties in Great Britain never get any organised love, yet what don't we owe them? To mention two of this country's leading maiden aunts, Auntie James Douglas and Auntie *Times*, what *don't* we owe them? Severe they may be, reproachful, nagging, terrible sometimes, sometimes gentle and kind (which is even more terrible); but always guiding us, always anxious for our good, they toil and toil, and nobody gives a damn.

Auntie George Lansbury, a dear, unspoilt old thing, is another benefactor. So is Auntie Beaver, who brought up that awful Castlerosse boy. So are Auntie J. L. Garvin, who worries herself to death over Europe Sunday after Sunday, and Auntie Gerald Gould, who praises all the wonderful, wonderful books so tirelessly, and Auntie Gerald Heard, the tiny tots' own scientist, and Auntie H. G. Wells, who invents such lovely new worlds for the children, and Auntie John Reith, who owns that delicious wireless monopoly, and—oh, dozens more. Dozens! No country in the world is as rich in maiden aunts as Great Britain, and do we honour them? Do we even pause to think of them in the daily rush? Like hell we do! Let 's have an Aunties' Day, chaps.

Poor Little Rich Girl

THE worst of belonging to the celebrated Borgia family is that, no matter how many sober modern historians work like dyspeptic beavers to clear up this and that accepted legend about you, the average romantic just won't have it. The old Lyceum glitter attracts the boys as honey attracts wasps, and they prefer their Borgias served up, as of old, à la Victor Hugo, sauce cyanide de potasse. So apparently does James ("Boss") Agate, critic, who was astounded the other night because Clifford Bax's new Borgia play contains "a Lucrezia Borgia who wouldn't know prussic acid even if she smelled it." Well, no more she did. The historian Funck-Brentano went into her case exhaustively a year or two ago. He concluded that Lucrezia is the most unhappy and most slandered person in history. Malevolent contemporary small-town gossip, careless repetition, vindictive political or other prejudice, and that terrible lust for the picturesque at all costs, account for the theatrical manner in which the Borgias have been treated by the great windbag Hugo, and so many alleged historians. The Borgias' home-life wasn't perhaps as austere and irreproachable as Gladstone's, they lived in the gorgeous whirl of the Renaissance, instead of in respectable modern Kensington, and there certainly was a world-wide vogue for poison at that date (as there is now, to some extent); but their goings-on have been terribly exaggerated, and we do think it 's time some of the romping, romantic boys quieted down and read a few books and listened to reason. Or don't you agree?

"I've Got an Orse!"

THE loathsome mass-standardisation of the age is so rapidly crushing out every kind of odd or interesting human personality that we were sympathetically grieved to see the other day that the police had gathered in Ras Prince Monolulu, the huge Abyssinian tipster whose many-coloured raiment, feathered headdress and loud cry are familiar to every racegoer. They alleged that the Prince had been orating indiscreetly in the Park. The Prince's name, incidentally, is McKay, and he is a Danish citizen, We meet only one other figure as picturesque as Monolulu-McKay in our daily walks, and that is a young devotee (male, Anglo-Saxon) of some strange pseudo - Oriental Bloomsbury sect; sandalled, bobbed, pale, rapt, striding always in a flowing

"Heat or no heat, where's your esprit de corps?"

scarlet cloak, like a Spahi's. There was another decorative young gentleman a little time ago who opened an esoteric tabernacle off the Strand, and officiated, vested in the full pontificals, mitre, gloves, amethyst ring and all, of a bishop, at novel rites of his own devising. We fancy there was some trouble, for he soon disappeared.

It 's rather a pity to lose all these people. Apart from a few eccentrics in Bloomsbury and Chelsea (and possibly Clapham, where weird sects still linger), there seem to be no " characters " about town nowadays—not to speak of the villages, where compulsory education and the B.B.C. have killed 'em all dead. The Café Royal, once full of quaint, alluring shapes, might be a City tea-shop. Nobody in Fleet Street wears rococo hair and ties except Hannen Swaffer. Nobody in the Guards has had the nerve to wear literary hair and puttees since Lord Dunsany. The last decorative actor off the boards was Sir Squire Bancroft. The last vegetarian " character " about town was named, if we remember rightly, Shore, or Shaw. He wore a sort of beard, spoke with a kind of Irish brogue, posted fifty or more facetious postcards a day, and, we believe, wrote plays of a sort. The town is the poorer for the loss of such engaging figures.

Listen, Lady

Wynne Gibson, film actress, has just returned to Hollywood after six months in British films. " The staid English like their mechanical jokes," she said to a Hollywood reporter. " Fall downstairs, they like it." After which considered judgment Miss Gibson ran laughingly upstairs, changed into her pink georgette, and was ready for a romp. And if she thinks she 's made any striking contribution to modern thought, she 's wrong. Max Beerbohm has already gone carefully into the matter of the jokes the English laugh at. His final list of permanently risible topics includes mothers-in-law, henpecking, twins, old maids, Jews, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Negroes (but not, curiously enough, Russians or other legendary foreigners), fatness, thinness, baldness, sea-sickness, stammering, cheese, " shooting the moon," stage kisses, stage meals, and stage damns. That is to say, broadly, the public laughs at (*a*) suffering, and (*b*) persons unlike itself. The last three (stage) items even Mr. Beerbohm can't explain. Probably their strangeness makes them funny.

" I 've never been so insulted in all my life ! "

" Hey, warder ! There 's a thief here ! "

All right, then, Miss Gibson, we 're stupid, dull, and unsophisticated. But why pick on us alone ? Isn't everybody ? What else (excluding certain aspects of the human form) does the audience at an Eighth Avenue burlesque or a revue in the Boulevard Rochechouart laugh at, anyway ? If it comes to that, Miss Gibson, what did the Greeks laugh at ? What about that celebrated Greek—we forget his name—who laughed so much at an ass eating figs that he fell down and died ? Lady, you should travel.

N.W.F.

The recent bit of trouble with the Mohmands on the North - West Frontier reminds us that there are very few good yarns about this uncomfortable outpost of Empire, and one of them, oddly enough, is a French one, by Maurice Dekobra, the Boy Heart - Specialist. Oddly, because his officers talk and behave like natural English gentlemen, who are as rare in French novels as natural French gentlemen are in English. We remember a scene in Dekobra's story where the officers are guests of a Maharajah, and one hits his best friend

over the head with a bottle because of a woman. It would have been easy for a careless foreign author to slip up here and make all three mingle at once in a good old up-and-down mill, or dog-fight yelling, " 'It 'er, Alf ! " and " Oh, you awful "—a thing no English sahib would ever do. Dekobra is faultless, however. Everything passes off with the utmost correctness. The only time we 've caught Dekobra out in his Englishry is in a story of a ruthless, cold-blooded, blue-eyed brass hat of an ex-Indian Governor, who punishes his faithless wife by making her live in the red-light quarter of Marseilles. The ex-Governor visits her alone—she is now dead to him—to gloat. That, we venture to say, is foreign to the genius of our Race. He 'd have taken a friend with him to introduce them formally.

Bubble, Bubble

TAXI-ING to Victoria late the other night, we heard a very satisfying crash and skitter in Victoria Street. A sudden capful of high wind had blown a Belisha bubble clean off its stalk, and the resultant charavari was enough to delight a connoisseur of glass-smashing in either of our elder universities. We didn't see if anybody was hit. In the train we reflected sleepily on the admirable nature of Belisha bubbles, which are made of glass, and are apparently detachable from the stalk by a gust of wind. If they 'd been of wood or metal, irrevocably soldered or screwed to the parent stalk, they couldn't blow off and smash so amusingly, not to speak of possibly maiming (or even permanently disabling) the passing citizenry. From this we wandered into meditations on the genius of Mr. Hore-Belisha, who ordered Belisha bubbles to be of glass, and wondered drowsily what it felt like to get one on the left ear.

Owzat ?

THE Berkshire rector who advertised the other day - " Curate wanted ; fast bowler preferred," reminds us that a theological authority we met a little time ago was very gloomy about the last crop of new curates, only about 25 per cent. of whom have anything approaching a decent batting style. At least 15 per cent. only just scraped past the episcopal examining chaplains in bowling and fielding, and one stiffnecked son of Belial who declared in his wicked folly that cricket bored him crazy, and defied the anxious pleading and solemn warnings of the bishop himself, was deservedly stripped of his new dog-collar and expelled the Close. The only way to deal with this increasingly grave clerical situation seems to be one which has been urged in the Press by an enthusiast we know more than once—namely, to elevate Mr. Jardine at once to the Episcopal Bench, with plenary powers. Jardine's position at the moment is frankly anomalous. Enjoying and exercising all the prestige and influence of a bishop, resembling the best type of bishop in austerity, integrity, dignity, serious thought, uplifting power, and personal appearance, he has as yet (like Brevet-Archdeacon Hobbs) no officially recognised benefice, cure, or diocese. You may think this is no urgent matter, but we ask you this : Supposing a legal authority should suddenly discover that a Fleet Street editor paying Jardine or Hobbs thirty (or 300) guineas for some spiritually-uplifting pastoral on the Straight Bat, is guilty of the offence of simony ? (Simony is the traffic in ecclesiastical benefices.) What then ? Eh ? What ?

" What do I have to do after breakfast — walk on broken glass ? "

Excuse These Jitters

GAZING abstractedly through the window of a Tube train the other morning, we had rather a nasty shock. High above our eyes glowed the sinister message in Russian—

? AŒHRROYP

! em ton——

We still can't make it out. Is it a harbinger of the establishment of the Third International in these islands ? Has Stalin already booked propaganda space on the Underground ? We 'd be awfully glad if some of you chaps could tell us.

THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 50.—Stephen Leacock

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK is
Indeed a brainy man, for he
Is famous for his learning in
Political Economy
Which he 'll expound in way profound
At MacGill University—
But it is as a first-class wit
That he has made his biggest hit.

His parodies of authors who
Have names that are a household word
(See " Frenzied Fiction ") can't be read
Without one's humour being stirred
At once, for they in every way
Are all so brilliantly absurd,
Not even up in Aberdeen
Are straight-faced Leacock-readers seen.

In fact, the world at large provides
Him with a rich abundant store
Of humour that is piercing but
(A paradox !) will never bore,
So, like young Twist, we still insist
That he should give us plenty more
Good things from his refreshing stock
Of what is prime Lea-poppy-cock. — B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Gain from Germany

"Nina" (Criterion Theatre)

Stephen Buchanan (Cecil Parker) is a big, strong husband, but life is not too easy for him

ENGLISH audiences should feel grateful to Herr (Heil) Hitler, insomuch as, thanks to his policy, they have the opportunity of seeing upon the London stage some first-rate Continental artists, who have mastered the English tongue sufficiently to play their parts in that language: no mean feat in itself, but needs must when the devil drives.

Such an artist we see in *Nina* at the Criterion Theatre; and it would be interesting to see Lucie Mannheim again in a more normal part, instead of one of such virtuosity. For *Nina* is a stunt play, written entirely with the object of exploiting the amazing versatility of this new (to us) actress, and as such plays invariably do, it raises the eternal question of what is the first duty of a theatre to its public: to thrill, to amuse, to instruct, or to display the talents of its performers. No doubt everyone will agree that, as a play, *Nina* is rather a poor and unconvincing affair, but as an evening's entertainment, and as a tour de force on the part of the star actress, it would be hard to beat.

THE fact that the two leading ladies are really one leading lady (no disrespect to the Athanasian creed is intended), was hidden as skilfully as possible on the first night; but actually, subsequent audiences would be at an advantage in knowing, and therefore being able to appreciate, the salient feature of the play, which would indeed be a poor thing if the parts of Nina and Trude were really played by two actresses.

THE story is very hard to swallow whole and duly digest; the fierce light that beats upon a throne cannot hold a candle to the arc-light that shines upon a film star. Would it not be a miracle, in more ways than one, for a film star of the first magnitude to hand over to her double or understudy, all her honour and glory, including the salary appertaining thereto, without occasioning even a whispered sensation? Such secrets are hard to keep. Again, though we may believe in the impulse that leads Nina to rural domesticity with her nice but rather stolid husband Stephen Buchanan (Cecil Parker); yet we cannot believe the impulse would survive the galling and blatant self-satisfaction of Trude on her triumphal return from Hollywood. At any rate her husband showed a spot more human nature—one could see that the poor man really suffered deeply at the way his wife's thunder had been, not stolen, but given away with a pound of tea, so to speak. With the removal of his grievance of being a husband who took a back seat, much of the zest of life was obviously lost for him. He might have known he couldn't have it both ways.

Sketches by Rouson

A star from Berlin: Lucie Mannheim as Trude Melitz impersonating Nina Gallas

Schimmelmann (Hugh Miller) tells Eva O'Hara (Joyce Bland) the moving story of Pansy the Killer-dog

THE part of Eva O'Hara, the invaluable secretary, was most admirably played by Joyce Bland: there was a girl one *could* believe in! Having no personal experiences of film directors, I should hesitate hopefully before believing in Schimmelmann, though that extremely clever actor, Hugh Miller, grappled with the part to the best of his ability, and those who saw his excellent performance in *Counsellor at Law* will appreciate what that means. The small part of Josiah Dimmity, an estate agent from Winchester, was played by William Dewhurst. Either the part fitted him like a glove, or he gave a brilliant character-study—or, happy thought, both.

The Sixteen-Year-Old Girl

The Woman of Fifty

Solveig Grows Old

Vivienne Bennett in "Peer Gynt" at the Old Vic

VIVIENNE BENNETT played the leading parts in the second half of last winter's Old Vic season, and has returned to the Company this year. The new season opened last week with a fine production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, with Grieg's music, in which Vivienne Bennett appears as Solveig, William Devlin gives a great performance as Peer, Florence Kahn (Mrs. Max Beerbohm) returns to the stage as Ase. This is the first time that R. Ellis Roberts' rhymed translation has been used in England. Henry Cass is the producer. *Peer Gynt* is to be given for four weeks, after which Vivienne Bennett will be playing in Shakespeare again, in Tchekov's *The Three Sisters*, and later in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*

Photographs by Anthony

The Old Woman of Seventy

FILMS of the DAY

"The Only Cheap and Unpunished Rapture"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Do Crooners Make—

Byng Crosby is the blue-eyed boy of "Two for To-night" which was at the Plaza last week, with Thelma Todd as one of the girls that thought him the top

—Good Lovers?

Rudy Vallee was last week's alternative for the crooner-conscious; his film, "Sweet Music," was at the Regal, and Ann Dvorak was the girl in the story

I MIGHT, if I had not feared to infringe someone's copyright, have called this article, simply and ingenuously, "Music." The six words instead of one were an arrangement by the eminent Anglican divine, Sydney Smith, who persisted into the Victorian era. An encyclopædia informs me that he "enjoyed a great reputation as a wit and writer." I hope, sincerely, that he really enjoyed his undoubtedly deserved reputation.

MUSIC is one of the sensual and yet, says Mr. Smith, innocent delights that were virtually denied to the English until recently. Before the war, only the artistically conscious patrons of the vulgarly abbreviated "Proms," and the fashionably over-conscious supporters of opera at Covent Garden, were catered for musically. The plebiscite had to be content with German bands, barrel-organs, and what was surely ironically called the "music hall."

But in the same way that canned fruit and vegetables have titillated an exotic palate and have made salmon and asparagus part of the dietry of a previously bread-eating public, canned music has added a voluptuous but—let us pretend with Mr. Smith—an innocent rapture to their lives.

The reaction of proprietors of film theatres, termed by "the trade" "renters," is significant. Their object is naturally (and financially) to fill their theatres, and although I cannot give you exact figures I feel safe in saying that musical films have, in the aggregate, made more money than any others during the last year or two. (I can base this assertion on the success of *One Night of Love*, *Blossom Time*, *Roberta*, *The Unfinished Symphony*, *On the Wings of Song*, without exhausting space on a list of the other pictures exploiting sentimentally the lives and loves of famous musicians.)

AND now I come to the current supply of musical, filmic entertainment. The best, and the most seriously musical, is *Music in the Blood*, at the Curzon.

I think this picture should be of intense interest to the dilettante, intelligent and unintelligent, of the films about which we have been prattling. It not only provides excellent music, good photography, which is a justification of German and Russian technique, sincere if not very modern, a story which means, of course, a love affair, but it also shows musicians "behind the scenes." We have had "back-stage" pictures of variety artists and legitimate actors, but this is, I think, the first exposition of musicians in mufti.

If you are interested in music you must be interested in musicians. They are very curious people. They live, wisely, in a world of their own. The worlds created by people with different interests are inhospitable, even hostile, and the musician is the most insular of artists.

TO the unmusical the theme of *Music in the Blood* may seem unimportant. Perhaps it does not matter to many of us whether Hanna, played by Hanna Waag, vindicates herself as a 'cellist and "gets her man," Peters (Wolfgang Liebeneiner), the young conductor, affiliated to her friend and cousin, Carola (Sybille Schmitz). Hanna, rather too flat physically and mentally, has not much physical appeal; Liebeneiner, young and vivacious, is a fairly convincing source of attraction. The real person who matters and entertains in the film is Leo Slezak, who plays the part of Hanna's father, a Sanger-like character who impresses himself on the family, on the gentlemen of the Conservatoire, and on the audience by sheer force of uncouth personality.

THE musical details should be a delight to the cognoscenti. Fingers on the keys, or strings, uvulas at play.... If *Music in the Blood* does not entrance the patrons of musical films, they are humbugs.

AND then there are the crooners: Rudy Vallee in *Sweet Music*, and Bing Crosby in *Two for To-night*. I am sorry but I cannot criticise. I know that if you have had a good dinner and are with cheerful people these films are entertaining. They are excellently produced and their principals have a valuable following.

A Fine Actor As a Spy Villain

Fritz Kortner in *The Crouching Beast*

The Turk Captures a Beauty

The head of the Turkish Secret Service is Fritz Kortner, and he makes a prisoner of the young American journalist (Wynne Gibson) who gets herself mixed up with stealing the plans of the Dardanelles. That's what happening in this scene

FRITZ KORTNER is a grand actor but he doesn't have much to do in *The Crouching Beast* (at the London Pavilion) except wear a fez and a club-foot, look sinister, and follow the rules of Valentine Williams's story. The film is a straightforward thriller, and there are no complaints about its melodramatic qualities. Admirers of Kortner, however, like to see his fine talents a little more extended. But he's in London now, so perhaps something big is being planned for him over here. Someone murmured Shylock, a part in which he has already made a great name. *Abdul the Damned*, one of the first films to win Kortner his English fans, was generally released last week; he gave a superb performance in that, and so he did with Anna Sten in *The Brothers Karamazov*, which was shown a month or two back

New Foundations for Old

Horizontals and V

Below: The Steel Skeleton Makes An Angular

"They're Building Flats Where the Arches Used to Be . . ."

Photographs taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

als

twork of the Sky

The Crane and the Grab are the Right-hand Men of Modern Building

SLUM, suburban, artistic, commercial, respectable residential, and fashionable quarters have all caught the flat epidemic. Every skyline, view, and vista is being transformed by these springing blocks of steel and concrete honeycomb. Who is to live in them, how the population per mile is being re-distributed, where the traffic that serves them is to run—no-one knows, and no-one seems to care. It's still profitable to build flats, so up with them! Come, house-breakers, navvies, riveters, masons, and, finally, lift boys—yours is the new London. The man who has his own front door will soon have joined his brother, the dodo

Right:
The Foreman

Leon M. Lion as His Excellency Wang Yun

"A famous statesman is like a famous actor—everybody wants to pat him on the back"

"By the Imperial order of His Majesty King of the Western Regions, Lady Precious Stream is hereby crowned Her Imperial Majesty Queen of the Western Regions"

Clifford Bartlett as Hsieh Ping-Kuei and Carol Coombe as Lady Precious Stream

"To what rank have you been promoted all these eighteen years?"

Almost a Fairy Tale

Four Characters in *Lady Precious Stream*, the Chinese Play at the Little Theatre

IT'S a traditional Chinese play and not a fairy tale at all, but its atmosphere is so incredibly far away from the ordinary English comedy that one seems to be transported into a fairy story world. Imaginative, matter-of-fact, fantastic, logical, *Lady Precious Stream* is a complete delight, and for children, too; one could imagine its being revived indefinitely for the Christmas holidays. Carol Coombe is an entrancing heroine, and the rest of the cast are as good as ever—Leon M. Lion as the wicked father, Clifford Bartlett as the brave hero, Fabia Drake as the dashing Princess, whose horsemanship (on an imaginary horse) is gloriously spirited. The author, S. I. Hsiung, has a new play nearly ready, called *Western Chambers*, which London is to have the pleasure of seeing later on

Photographs by John Everard

abia Drake as Princess of the Western Regions
"To Your Majesty's Health"

Clifford Bartlett as Hsieh Ping-Kuei
"No! I Cannot Pardon Him"

Carol Coombe as Lady Precious Stream
"After wearing rags for eighteen years I now have the joy to be arrayed in royal robes"

Two Scottish Sons and Their English Mothers

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Henry Scott and Michael

Above: Mrs. Scott is Sir Daniel and the Hon. Lady Cooper's only daughter, and married Henry Balfour Scott, of the Royals, in 1932. Their son, Michael, was born in 1933. Mrs. Scott has a twin brother, also called Michael, and an elder brother, Charles Cooper, who is in her husband's regiment. Henry Scott's home is Eredine, in Argyllshire

Stuart Hamilton

Mrs. Jack Coats and Christopher

Left: Mrs. Jack Coats's son and heir Christopher, is about nine months old. She was Betsan Horlick and is the younger daughter of the late Sir Ernest Horlick and Lady Oppenheimer. Her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, of Sundrum, Ayrshire. Their house in Seymour Place, S.W., has the amusing name of Pineapple Priory; Mrs. Coats, who has a real flair for interior decorating, has made it very attractive inside

OUR ELEGANT AUSTRALIANS

Decorations from "Down Under"

Lady Furness, third wife of the "shipping peer," has the elegance and marked dress sense we've learnt to associate with Australians living "on top." Also the allure. Is the perfect Molyneux type—tall, strong-shouldered, narrow-hipped. Was Mrs. Cavendish; before that, Mrs. Cameron and originally Enid Lindeman from Sydney

Lady Portarlington has special glamour—a cool, fair remoteness—and extra special chic which includes house sense, soignée dressing and mind-dressing. She married very young and before that was Winnifreda Yuill, daughter of the Australian magnate

Mrs. Warwick Fairfax whose husband owns the Sydney "Times," was tremendously admired this season and at resorts. Naturally pink cheeks, brown curls, blue eyes. Will spend more time here when (a) air service is perfected, (b) son goes to Eton

The dazzling white-skinned **Ranee of Pudakota,** who's devoted to her dark, handsome, just-grown-up son, was Esmé Mary Sorrett Fink, of Melbourne. The restaurant, lunch club and first night crowd calls her "Mollie," and thinks most of her clothes are "marvellous"

Below: **Lady Milbanke,** who was Sheila Chisholm before she married the late Lord Loughborough, is yet another proof that Australian blooms transplanted enjoy a longer summer than ours. Was beautiful war-time deb whose great friend then is her great friend now – Mrs. Thursby. Has sons of 18 and 17. Photographs perfectly. Professionally animates night life

Lady Jersey is the youngest titled Australian and her plump prettiness is very much in vogue. Pat Richards created a sensation during her first season chaperoned by Mamma, and still more sensation when she visited Papa in New South Wales as a real live Countess

In and Out of Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Miss Diana Carlos Clarke

Left: Diana Carlos Clarke was staying in Sussex with Mrs. Violet Fitz-Gerald (Irene Mann-Thompson's mother) when this sketch was made. She is eighteen, very pretty, was a 1935 deb, and is the daughter of Major Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Clarke; her mother is Lord Ranfurly's aunt

Miss Daphne Lawson

Is the only daughter of Sir Digby Lawson and his first wife, who is now Mrs. Gerald Wallis. She has been staying at Dochfour with Baroness Burton, who is her step-grandmother

Miss Fay Wray

Left: Fay Wray was on a shopping expedition when she was sketched, doing her last buying before her new film starts. She's the heroine to Jack Buchanan's hero in "When Knights Were Bold." She has two or three big pictures to her credit since she came over from Hollywood

Mrs. John Goodenday

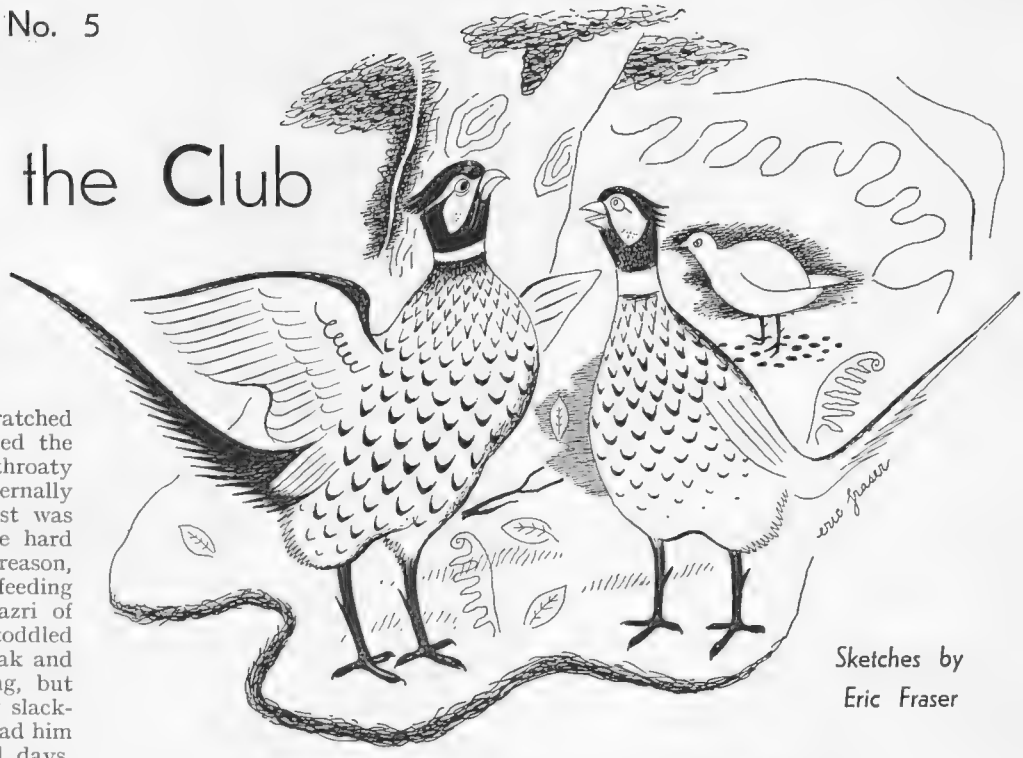
Was wearing autumn clothes as well as looking at them at a Bruton Street dress show. Her black suit was trimmed with Persian lamb, and her little pointed cap was made of it

"Bystander" Short Story No. 5

Strangers at the Club

By

Denis Clark



Sketches by Eric Fraser

He broke into a run and rushed upon Eric in stiff-legged strides

He clucked a little as he scratched beside the hedge that bounded the field of stubble. He was throaty and querulous; it was getting infernally chilly in the mornings and breakfast was delayed while one dug about in the hard ground among the leaves. For some reason, that damn fellow had given up feeding them, bringing them their chota hazri of crushed maize and wheat. He 'd toddled round to the club soon after daybreak and found George and Sir Henry waiting, but the man hadn't turned up. Beastly slackness. By Heaven, he 'd soon have had him up in the Orderly Room in the old days. He wouldn't have got away with it twice!

He looked fiercely right and left, swelled his chest, fluttered his wings, and uttered a loud and challenging blast.

Ah, there was Mary. His inflated breast feathers slowly subsided. She would know where to find some breakfast. These women: they knew a thing or two about food when they weren't too busy with their own or family affairs to look after a fellow. He watched her as she came stepping along the hedge side, head down, meek as you please. Mary knew what she was up to all right. Suddenly she fluttered up and over into the wood. Not even a "Good morning." Well!

He dodged through the brambles after her. She was out of sight, he had lost her. Damn! No, there she was, under a big beech tree on the edge of a little clearing and pecking busily. Trust her. Hullo, who was with her? Eric?

Eric!

What the devil was he doing here? High time he had taken on his own bit of the woods instead of sponging on his parents. Of course, Mary would let the young waster come and eat all their food up that he had kept guard over since the summer.

This was a bit too much.

He broke into a run and rushed upon Eric in stiff-legged strides, flapping his wings and holding his spurs ready for action.

It was too much for Eric. With a falsetto squawk he bolted under a holly bush and took off uncertainly, banging among the branches. Some young downy feathers came floating gently to earth.

That would teach him. These youngsters didn't even know how to fly properly these days.

He settled down to pick over the leaves and beech mast. By gad, this cold weather made one want something inside. One of those hot curries that old Ram Dinn used to serve in the mess in Madras would be just the thing to-day. Those days were over, though how or why it was hard to recollect. When? The past seemed hazy; and what were those days afterwards by the sea with Mary? Golf. And then some damned sort of illness.

He could not remember.

He called challengingly again, drummed his wings and spread his long, barred tail in the ten o'clock sunshine.

Through the woods over on the right someone answered. That must be George or Sir Henry. He didn't really mind George coming over to share a bite because he was an amusing fellow and usually had a tale to tell. All the same, he was a bit of a scrounger. Most mornings he got to the club first and sounded the reveille and you had to be jolly quick or he 'd have scoffed threequarters of the rations. Here he came, sliding gracefully through the trees. Handsome fellow, old George. Well, the Army: best training ground after all for this world or the next.

George taxied up to him.

"Hullo, Colonel. Bit parky this mornin', isn't it? I 've just been havin' a talk with Miss Forsyte up at the house."

"What 's she got to say for herself?"

"I caught her havin' a walk round the rose garden before breakfast. She 's a pretty little piece, whatever you may say, sir."

"Come, come, George, you old rascal! I 'm married, not a bachelor. Besides,

He could see the guns far away beneath

Strangers at the Club

(Continued)

although she 's a sport and got plenty of breeding, I do not admire Pekes—never have."

" Well, she 's a good little sort, anyway. She tipped me off that they 're probably goin' to come through this covert some time to-day. She heard them fixin' their plan of campaign at dinner last night when she was under the table."

" Were they, by gad ! " The Colonel crowed threateningly. " Coming into our woods again already, are they ? Damned profiteering nouveau riche ! How many guns is he calling out this time ? "

" She didn't know. Remember when they had twelve ? "

" I should think I do ! Exploding all over the place like a lot of frightened recruits in their first border raid. They got some casualties, too."

" Yes. One keeper and the son of the house got a bunch of pellets in his backside." George chuckled reminiscently. They wandered companionably among the bracken and brambles. The Colonel found a sort of beetle and tried to eat it, but it buzzed furiously and he let it go. Damned short commons these days. A fellow had to take what he could get.

" What else did she say ? " he asked.

George came closer, out of earshot of Mary.

" As a matter of fact, she was just going to tell me about the latest scandal that that Mademoiselle Millo 's got into . . ."

The Colonel bristled.

" What can you expect ? Cats haven't any morals. And she 's French, or says she was."

" Exactly. Apparently she 's in trouble again. No one knows who 's the father, but she 's trying to keep it dark from the cook . . ."

" Yes ? "

" Miss Forsyte was telling me all about it when that great lout, Chalmers, came galloping up."

" Oh, did he ? That fool ! A fat, house-fed spaniel with no pluck and no nose except for old bones. He never had any manners."

" Well, you can't altogether blame him. He was never at a public school."

" What did he want ? "

" The idiot seems to have fallen head and ears in love with Miss Forsyte. Of course, she won't have anything to do with him, not at any price, but he makes a great nuisance of himself. He 's an awful bounder. She turned on him and bit him at last."

" Come, come ! Was that quite—— ? "

" No, perhaps not, sir. Still, under such provocation. . . . Anyway, I thought it better to leave them. She would only have been embarrassed, and she 's quite capable of looking after herself."

" Oh, quite. A woman of the world . . ."

There was a stir among the branches above them and a fine old cock pheasant came planing down to make a perfect landing. It was Sir Henry. He sauntered over towards them.

" I just dropped in to warn you fellows," he said. " They 're driving my spinney. I slipped back over the beaters and got away."

Pop !—pop !—pop ! sounded behind them in the distance.

" There they go." The Colonel was contemptuous. " Three shots to one rabbit, and then they don't get him. It 's a pity we can't show them how to shoot."

With a scamper and scutter of dry leaves, a hare came running breathlessly into the clearing. It stopped with staring eyes, ears erect, ready to rush on at a moment's notice.

" Hullo, young man," Sir Henry casually remarked. " What 's the hurry ? "

" It 's after me ! " panted the hare. " For the love of Allah do not let it catch me, honoured sir ! The Black Monster . . . Ai . . . ee . . . ! " It squealed and rushed away as there sounded an approaching crackle of dried litter.

" Eh, what 's that. What 's that ? " asked the Colonel. " What the devil does he mean ? ' Black Monster ' ! "

" These natives . . ." Sir Henry said tolerantly. " Poor devils ! Always frightened of something. We have to set them an example."

" But what on earth 's the Black Monster ? "

" Don't know. Whatever it is, here it comes."

They waited curiously while the rustle and crackle drew closer. The Monster sounded very short-winded and gave little grunts and whines as it pushed among the thorns. A tangle of brambles heaved asunder and the dusky, idiotic countenance of Chalmers appeared like a clown's head through a horse-collar. His brown eyes shone with inane sentimentality. He forced himself free. He was covered with mud and thorns trailed from his thick coat.

" Hullo, you chaps ! " he gasped. " You 'll have to fly in a minute. They 're just coming into your wood."

" And who 's going to make us, I should like to know ? Not you, you lovesick nursery pet ! " Mary must have overheard some of their conversation.

" Come, come, my dear ! Noblesse oblige, after all," her husband admonished.

" What are you doing here, anyway ? " Sir Henry demanded of Chalmers.

" Oh, I 'm toddling around on the job." Chalmers was still pretty hearty, though a little embarrassed by his reception.

" What, chasing wretched rabbits and hares, eh ? "

" Well, hang it all, that 's what I 'm paid to do."

" Yes, that 's a good reason," said Sir Henry reflectively. " Give hell to everybody else as long as you can live comfortably yourself. That 's the right spirit."

Chalmers looked confused.

" Let me see, what *were* you ? " Sir Henry asked with a puzzled air. " Was it a shopwalker or an income-tax collector ? I always forget."

" I never catch them, anyway," said Chalmers in a sulky and diffident voice.

" You be careful they don't turn round and catch you one day," George advised him.

Chalmers pretended suddenly to hear someone calling him and ran out of the clearing the way he had come.

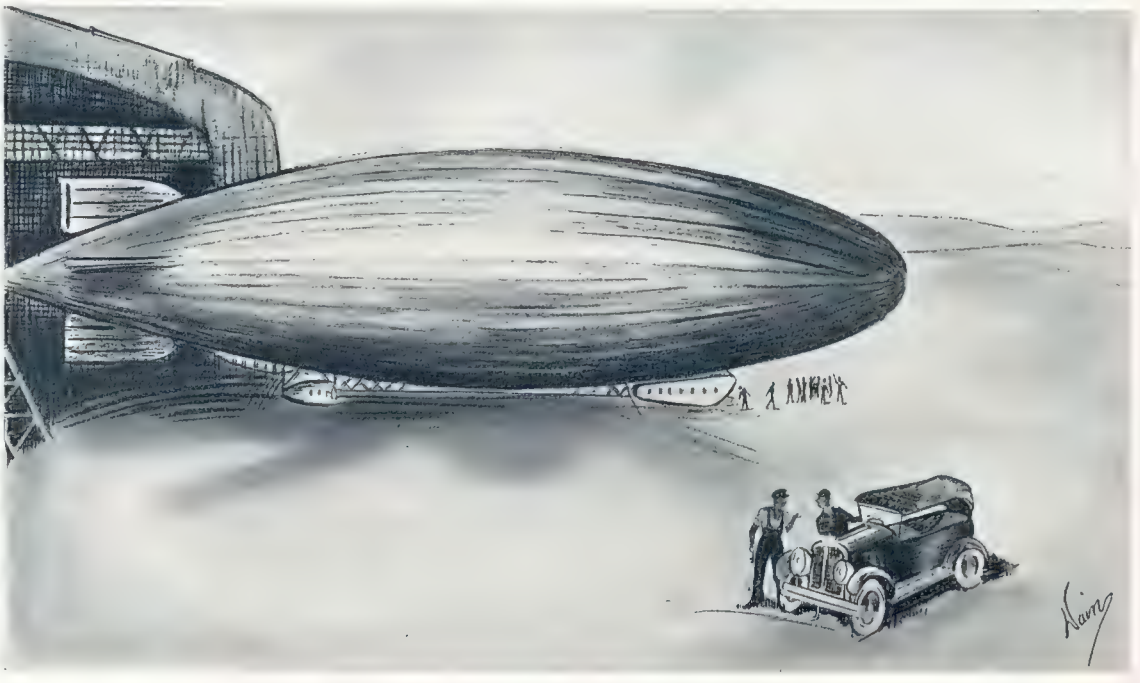
" Silly ass ! " said the Colonel. " These civilians : have to keep them in their places."

They stood, heads up, listening. Yes, not so very far away, they could hear them now : the tap, tap, tap of sticks against trees. Presently they would be upon them : the line of white-smocked beaters marshalled by Roberts, the head keeper. Shots began to sound ahead.

" Nine guns at least," said George.

" We 'd better go through with it," the Colonel decided. " It 's no good running on, even if we meant to. That means they isolate us in Last Wood, where the trees end and the guns all

(Continued on page viii)



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Women's Golf:

Before the Storm

By Eleanor E. Helme

Practice at Aden

Mrs. J. B. Walker kept her hand in with a few practice shots when the British touring team spent a short time at Aden on their way "down under." She has been playing very well recently, and won the Australian Championship

The Southdown Club Opens

The formal opening of the Southdown Golf Club at Shoreham-on-Sea was a most successful affair, and some of those who defied the weather are seen above. They are Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Cumberlege, D.S.O., the hon. secretary (left), Mr. Harold Brown, the president, Miss Mervyn Barton, Mrs. V. G. Davies, Miss Bridget Newell, Mrs. Kirkman, the captain of the ladies' club, and Miss Enid Wilson

Dear Bystander,

Let me hasten to tell you that the title has no political significance whatever. It only means that I have been looking at the fixture list, contrasting it with the peace of the last week during which I have only once set foot on a golf course, and reflecting that in the next five weeks I shall watch golf on thirty-two days. If that is not a whirlwind of the game, I would rather not see what is.

My one golfing expedition was not to Chantaco, where I should much have liked watching Miss Isabella Rieben and Madame Lacoste fight out the final of the French Open Championship, but to the new Southdown Club. It was on getting back from there that news came through that Madame Lacoste had won 2 and 1, after lunching square: I hope it means that Mr. Roger Wethered's partner for Worplesdon is in great form, for it would be such fun to see them win there again. I am not going to attempt to discuss the draw for that huge event: it only arrived by to-day's post, and a thing like that takes several to digest. And the English Championship will have begun to weed out its one hundred and forty-nine by the time this is in print. And there is Mrs. Hodson's latest bulletin from Australia. But about Southdown you have got to hear first.

A "down course" so often means extreme slopes, where only uncanny local knowledge gets your ball near the hole or extra stout legs your weary self up the hills. Southdown is not a down course in that uncomfortable sense. Nor has it a certain poverty of turf which makes the ball lie uncomfortably close.

Instead, the ball sits up beautifully, fairly asking to be hit. And the greens, considering that some of them have only been down six months, are quite amazing, a tribute to what can be done with chalk soil, if you understand it as Southdown's hon. sec., Colonel Cumberlege, does.

Then the course has been very cleverly laid out. In the first three holes you do all the climbing that you will be asked to do until you leave the fifteenth green, and even then feel taken by surprise to find how high you have arrived without noticing it, and what glorious views there are across to Lancing, out to sea, and near at hand of quiet downland and peaceful valleys, where in the right season gorse and hawthorns and nightingales make rare beauty for eye and ear. So often if you praise scenery it is to disguise the fact that the golf is impossible to praise. Let me hasten to say that this is not so at Southdown. It is a genuinely excellent course, where you cannot play loose shots and get the figures. The bunkers are few at present, but that is the policy of a wise architect and club: the shape of the fairways, and a few governing gorse or hawthorn bushes, and the gentle slopes make the interest, and make it legitimately.

I see myself going often to Southdown, for Sussex ladies will surely beg for county fixtures there if they get the chance, and it will be a real pleasure every time. There is a soothing charm about the surroundings which will be as good as a day's holiday. Considering how ill the day promised, a goodly number turned up to watch Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Bridget Newell beat Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. V. G. Davies, 3 and 1, in a four-ball exhibition match: if they had seen nothing else, they declared, Miss Wilson's wooden shot out of the ruts of the disused coach road at the eighteenth would have been worth coming for, and some of them added Mrs. Davies' brave second at the eleventh, Miss Newell's consistently long driving, and Miss Barton's pitching. They misjudged distances now and again—they are difficult with so much space all round—but otherwise played well.

Our touring team has won the most golden of opinions from everybody in Australia, and evidently the friendships that are being made are far from being one-sided. If the Australian golfers have been enchanted to welcome them, travelling many miles just to shake them by the hand, our girls for their part have been equally sorry to say good-bye. From a quite unofficial source I learn that when the team left Melbourne, the team's handkerchiefs had another job of work on hand after they had done waving until, even out of their observation car, the last of their friends on the platform were out of sight.

And just think of it. We have won every single team match, with only the loss of two individual games right up to this moment of writing: we have tied for the mixed foursomes championship, won the foursomes, won the Australian Championship. We must let Mrs. Hodson tell of that last and biggest event, since there simply is not space for everything to be given verbatim.

From her letter we learn that: "The second round of the Championship. . . . Mrs. Walker played an excellent game to beat her clubmate, Mrs. Greenlees, by 4 and 2. Out in 37 and 30 for the next seven holes, and holing a chip from the back of the sixteenth for a 2 finished the game. The story is told in interesting fashion by the *Melbourne Herald*—

	Mrs. Walker.	Mrs. Greenlees.
Nearest to pin with approaches	11	2
Shots into bunkers	3	7
Off the line through the green .	5	9

"In the match between Miss Barton and Miss Nankivell. . . . Miss Nankivell was out in 43 to Miss Barton's 44, and was 2 up. At the thirteenth with Miss Nankivell still 2 up, Miss Barton holed a good putt to win the hole, and also won the fourteenth, playing two beautiful wooden shots to the edge of the green to become level. From there to the eighteenth all the holes were halved. . . . At the nineteenth there was a double stymie. The twentieth was halved in sixes with the strain obviously beginning to tell, but bogey 4's and 3's at the twenty-first and twenty-second kept the match still going. At the twenty-third Miss Nankivell put her second nicely on the green and Miss Barton fluffed her approach into a bunker, and taking three shots from there to her opponent's two, lost the greatest match of the Championship."

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Kenneth L. T. Jackson

New Zealanders in the Principality

Abertillery and Cross Keys trying to break up a forward rush during the All Blacks' match at Abertillery. The visitors won comfortably by 31 points to 6

The Two Kenneths—'Varsity "Rugger" Captains

The rival 'Varsity captains have more in common than their first name, for Kenneth Jackson (Rugby and Trinity), who captains Oxford, is a Scottish International who was prevented by injury from playing for his country last season, and the Cambridge skipper, Kenneth Fyfe (Tonbridge and Caius), is a wing three-quarter who was capped for Scotland last season and the preceding one. In addition, both are good cricketers, and Jackson won his Blue in 1934, while Fyfe was tried out for Cambridge last year. The latter is also a golf Blue

Kenneth H. C. Fyfe

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

THERE 's one thing about following these All Blacks on their peregrinations—we do see life. Devonport, Bradford, Coventry, Abertillery, Swansea—there is a string of pearls indeed. And if you have ever tried to get to Abertillery, and despatch an account of a game which begins at four o'clock in time to catch the first edition of a morning paper, you will realise that life is not all gas and gaiters.

Enough, though, of the personal note, though we slaves of the public must give vent to our feelings now and again. And, taking it by and large, this All Blacks tour is pretty interesting. Not only because the All Blacks are worth watching, but because of the home players we see. And we 've seen some useful forwards here and there. Apart from the old-timers, the battle-scarred warriors like C. E. Beamish and W. McC. Ross, there have been newcomers, like J. H. Purchas of Coventry, a back-row forward of promise, and R. Leigh of Otley, another likely skirmisher.

MIND you, the old hands have done their stuff well. Beamish and Dunkley were magnificent for the Midlands, and a party of New Zealanders, who watched the Yorkshire and Cumberland match, were rhapsodical over Ross. A grand fighting forward, they thought him, the real New Zealand type, and when I told them that he did not play for Ireland last year, they were incredulously apprehensive. "Why," they exclaimed, "if Ireland have eight better forwards than Ross, they 'll smash us to bits." And, on current form, that is true enough.

Naturally, all this travelling leads to some lengthy conversations about Rugby football. Now and again, huddling modestly in the corner of our carriage, we hear the high and mighty in pleasant argument on such subjects as the England pack. Where, demand the experts, are we to find a leader of forwards, a man who will turn eight reasonably good players, into eight fire-eating furies?

Well, I think the match between the All Blacks and the Midlands at Coventry answered that question. Will you tell me of

Finding Forwards for England

better forward leaders than P. E. Dunkley? They may exist, but at present they languish in anonymity. Last year Dunkley put life into the Harlequin pack. This year he whipped the Midland forwards into a tornado which nearly swept New Zealand to defeat. And Dunkley is a good player, big and strong and sensible. These are early days, perhaps, but at present Dunkley is my choice to lead the England pack.

TALKING of forwards: where are we to look for seven more hearties? They say that good back-row forwards are scarce, and so they are, if we allow old heroes like Tom Voyce and C. H. Pillman and H. L. Price to set the standard. There are some lively ones about, though, and I 'm not sure that H. A. Fry isn't about the best of them. Fry has all the qualifications—speed and instinctive anticipation and strength. His one real weakness is an inexplicable tendency to disregard the offside laws. Naughty, but a fault that can be cured. Then I still think that R. E. Prescott is a potentially great back-row forward, though he has been earning remittance by playing in the front row of his club pack, a discipline which all back-row forwards should periodically undergo. It gives them a sense of values and appreciation of honest workmanship at which their artistic temperaments might otherwise lead them to scoff.

What other promising forwards of various sorts are there in view? Lieutenants Hammond and Hawkins, and Sub-Lieut. Darling of the Royal Navy, are three who come to mind. E. A. Styles of Richmond, a second-row forward of outstanding ability, is another; and C. Thompson, of the Harlequins, another. And, judging by the present performance of the New Zealand scrummagers, England should have little difficulty in finding a pack which can hold its own when the great day at Twickenham comes along.

Behind the scrummage matters do not move so well, though fortunately Gadney at scrum-half seems to be in grand fettle. Here it is worth noting a divergence between New Zealand's tactics and our own. We are content to have our stand-off half placed as far as possible from the scrum-half, so that he may have plenty of room in which to work. A long pass from the scrum is considered a virtue, but the All Blacks set about their attack very differently. Both J. R. Page and E. W. Tindall, who have played first five-eights for them, stand very close to the scrummage, aiming at the swift, straight dash and possibly the inside pass to quick-breaking forwards. Interesting, but problematical, the chance of this break-through, especially against back-row forwards of the highest class. Still, once it is accomplished, the defence is beaten—a normally shallow defence, that is to say—and it may be that the All Blacks forwards will develop the backing-up of this particular thrusting attack to a formidably deadly degree. And it need only succeed three or four times in a match for decisive tries to be scored.

THE obvious reply is properly co-ordinated back-row defence, and I am not sure how widely this is understood or applied. I refer to the system whereby the middle man in the back row automatically breaks on the opposite side to the loose head, thus completing the defence on both sides of the scrummage. Difficult to explain without diagrams, but if it amuses you, make diagrams for yourself, and you will see that both the opposing scrum-half and stand-off half (or five-eights) can be covered by your own scrum-half in co-operation with your back-row forwards breaking systematically.

Perhaps this minor point of scrummage tactics is familiar to all my readers. If so, I blushingly apologise. But, judging by the random and aimless meanderings of many back-row players, it seems possible that rather too much is left to chance. And against the All Blacks, to leave anything to chance is to commit football suicide.

Whether you have stalked the fairway as a conqueror or crept from bunker to bunker in shame and fury, the perfect ending to your round is a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale.

Clear, cool and refreshing, it is a fitting reward for your triumphs—or else a heartening reminder that you are really a better player than that!

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Haig: By A. G. Macdonell

THE eagerly-expected, and much-publicised, first volume of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig* has arrived from the house of Faber and Faber (25*s*.). Those of us who had read Mr. Cooper's *Talleyrand*, and had enjoyed that admirable book, could hardly restrain our impatience for this new specimen of his biographical skill, especially upon a subject so surrounded by contemporary controversy as the late Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. It came at last. I sprang upon it with a yowl of joy and read it from end to end, and I put my opinion on record, as an honest reviewer should, that it is a thoroughly bad biography. It contains so many faults that it is almost impossible to know where to begin in discussing it. In the first place, it jumps to the eyes from the very start that Mr. Cooper is out to exalt Haig and to attack the Liberal statesmen in whose hands the conduct of the war was largely vested. Thus we read on page 66, as a sort of preliminary skirmish to the main attack, that the "River War" (presumably meaning the Boer War) "was but part of the evil heritage which Mr. Gladstone bequeathed to his country." No man who can dismiss in that single sentence the long chain of causation which led up to the "River War" can have the faintest particle of claim to be called a historian. (Incidentally, Mr. Cooper has so little confidence in his "River War" that it does not figure at all in his index.)

In the next place, it soon becomes obvious that Mr. Cooper writes profusely about those parts of Haig's life which are covered by his diaries, and skims hastily over those parts which are not. In other words, this book has been knocked together with precious little—if any—original research. Again, the purpose of varnishing Haig into a sort of infallible genius is so transparent that it vitiates the whole purpose of the book. Anything which he did wrong is either distorted or omitted altogether. Anything he did right is lauded to the skies. I am not a great admirer of Haig as a soldier, but I can recognise his solid and honest qualities and I can only deplore the disservice to his name and fame which this so-called biography can only do. I tremble to think what Mr. Cooper is going to do with Passchendaele and Cambrai in his second volume. Incidentally, it is almost frightening that a gentleman who was for some time partly responsible for the conduct of the War Office—and still may be, for all I know—should actually commit himself to the astounding description of present-day infantry tactics which occurs on page 333. To round off the general harmony of this book, the index is sadly casual and the maps are simply derisory.

Called "Pursuit" or "Mirage," this group in cedar wood is by A. Gibbons Grinling, and has been on exhibition in the Tooth Galleries, where he held an exhibition last year. Responding as it does to good lighting and severe walls and colouring, wood proves an excellent medium for modern decorative art

LET us turn to an equally controversial, but much pleasanter, topic and consider *Golf from A to Z*, by Mr. J. G. Macbeth (Putnam; 5*s*.). Mr. Macbeth is a practical and experienced golfer who knows the game by long years of playing, and who knows the psychology of the golfer by holding the office of honorary secretary to a golf club. (Few men can have a greater insight into the vagaries of human nature than a golf secretary.) This book is one of the best golf books I have read for a long time—and Heaven knows I read them all, on the faint chance that I may some day cure a life-long hook of the most prodigious size!—for Mr. Macbeth is so combative and so unorthodox. You find yourself shouting with rage and incredulity as you read it, and that makes you think, and then you fetch a club out of the corner and try a few swings, and then, after you have broken a few electric-light bulbs, you begin to realise that perhaps Mr. Macbeth may be right after all. Especially do I commend Mr. Macbeth's pages—which, on first reading, I snorted contemptuously at—on keeping the head down.

THE more I read Miss Phyllis Bentley's short stories, the more certain I am that she ought to keep to novels. She has not got the art of being compressed and economical in her writing. Each of her stories in *The Whole of the Story* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.) contains the core of a novel, and each is written as if it was the opening chapter of a novel. Miss Bentley's mind is so deeply stocked with wisdom and knowledge that she simply cannot help pouring it out when she takes her pen in hand. And the result is that she overdresses her infants, overlays them with too leisurely and loving a care. It might appear that I am decrying Miss Bentley. Actually I am trying to do the exact opposite in a rather laborious way. I am trying to convey my impression that Miss Bentley's range is so wide that she finds it difficult to come down to the almost niggling craft of short story-writing.

I HAVE very little doubt in my mind that Mr. Daniel Dawson's history of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, which Messrs. Bell have published under the title of *The Mexican Adventure* (16*s*.), will be regarded as the authoritative work on the subject. For Mr. Dawson is a real historian. He has ransacked the British Museum and the archives at Vienna, and has spent years at the task. The result is not a dry-as-dust chronicle, nor is it a tendentious piece of propaganda, but a contribution to history and to drama. For if ever there was a sad, dramatic tale, it is the tale of that poor, honest, good man, Maximilian of Mexico.

"HUNGRY MEN" (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is a first novel by a young American, Mr. Edward Anderson. Its theme is a gloomy one, for it is all about the bread-liners, the starving down-and-outs of a great American city during Depression. Certainly the atmosphere of Depression creeps into Mr. Anderson's book, for a more dismal novel I have seldom read. From that point of view, Mr. Anderson has made a success. He has set out to achieve an atmosphere of hopelessness and he has attained his object. It might be said, therefore, that he has done all that might be expected of him. Personally, I should have preferred a little bit of gaiety here and there.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Photo by Lenare

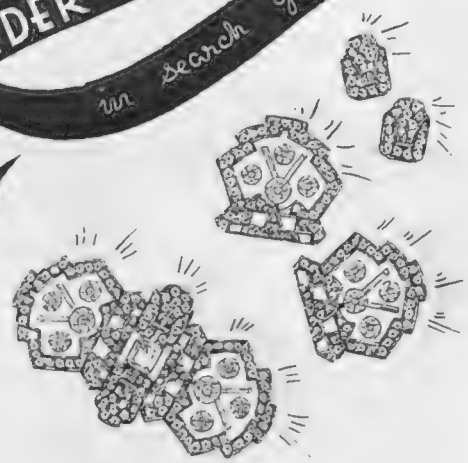
The vogue for the classic tailored suit is one which never dies, and this year it is more pronounced than ever. Bernard Weatherill, 55, Conduit Street, have designed and made the suit portrayed, which is carried out in fine cashmere with a white pin stripe. The jacket is lined with silk, has two hip pockets, and fastens with link buttons. Note the slightly waisted effect and square shoulders. Inverted pleats and a back panel are important features in the skirt. For many years this firm have been noted for their faultless cut. They make a special point of using men's suitings of the finest quality for many of their tailor-mades, some of which cost as little as nine guineas. They also specialise in breeches, jodhpurs, and other sporting clothes, while their tweed coats for race meetings and country wear in general must be seen to be appreciated

Blue Fox and Dyed Ermine

Here are three handsome wraps from Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street. The cape in the top left-hand corner is composed of three skins in natural blue fox. These are perfectly matched and are as soft as silk with a rich blue-brown tint. Chinese moiré lamb in a delicate shade of briarwood makes the slim-fitting coat above. It is enriched with a luxurious collar of dyed ermine which can be draped in several becoming ways, and when fastened up to the neck, forms a jabot. The sleeves are a modified version of the old leg o' mutton. Capes are particularly fashionable this autumn and vary in length. The majority, however, are either quite short or else three-quarter-length like the one on the left. This is cut on military lines with three buttons. The beautifully worked pelts are dyed ermine, and the price is 59 guineas. All those interested, however, should write for the illustrated catalogue which will gladly be sent gratis and post free

Photos by Philip Harben

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES



Since clips of every kind are so fashionable, Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, have designed this lovely brooch in diamond paste, which includes two clips and a pair of earrings. Beautiful lights are reflected in the stones, which are cut plain and baguette shaped

There are few gems more flattering to a woman than pearls. This necklet, which may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, is composed of three strings joined at each end by a diamond paste clasp through which is threaded some moiré ribbon. This ties in a bow and can be changed to suit different frocks

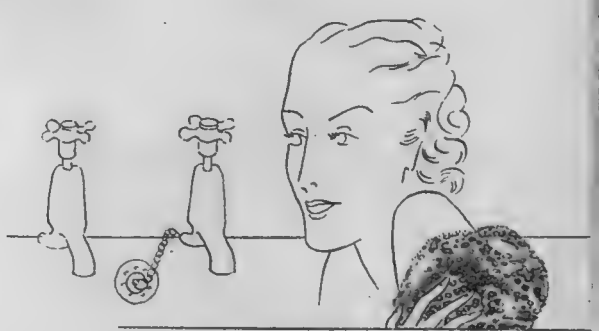
Every woman who suffers from blemishes and inflammation of the skin will welcome Laleek Clearing Lotion created by the well-known beauty specialist, Adelaide Grey, 27, Old Bond Street. It costs 2s. and is obtainable practically everywhere

A bag and scarf in knitted wool threaded with gold is a delightful present for a small child, and appeals enormously. This set is available in several attractive colours and costs 21s. in the Gift Department at Fortnum and Mason

Flavoured salts tasting of either tomato, onion or celery, are a new departure on the part of Cerebos. They are excellent for cocktail-parties or any buffet meal

Here is a new way of applying perfume. Spray this small dog with it and then pin it on to your coat and let it hang like a fob. The scent will last for days

This enraged cat has a corkscrew for a tail. It is made of coloured wood and costs 1s. in the haberdashery department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. There are others depicting dogs

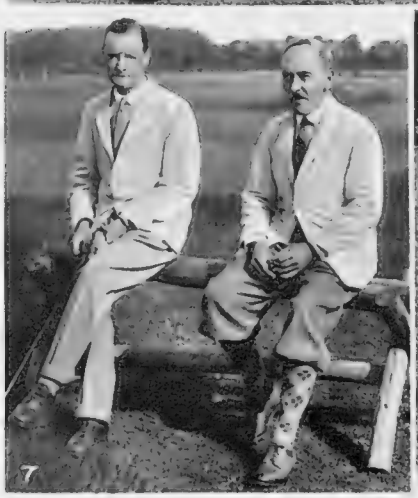


Coloured sponges add the finishing touch to a modern bathroom. This one bears the name of "Reliance," and is made in rose pink, jade green and aqua blue. At Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, it costs 3s.

Golf Clubs At Home

Woodcote Park, Coulsdon

(1) E. A. R. Burden (secretary and ex-captain), Graham Carr (captain), and R. Gibson (ex-captain). (2) D. W. Harrington, F. J. Harrington, C. H. Pearson, and E. C. Ashby (committee-man). (3) H. Baker-Munton (ex-captain) and P. W. Cole. (4) R. E. Druitt and L. H. G. Willson. (5) A. C. Sherborne, J. H. Rendell, W. L. Hughes, and L. R. Ray. (6) G. H. Paine (steward) and O. B. Pound (ex-captain). (7) H. Ashby (committee-man) and F. G. Laker. (8) A. J. Fitton, G. D. Green, N. A. Zinn, and J. P. O'Connor. (9) J. H. White, H. L. Hancock, A. Hall, and F. Hawkins



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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Stiff Tasks for Scratch Players

Golf Secretaries versus Golf Stewards at Royal Wimbledon

Four competitors for the Hauber Cup, played for by opposing teams of golf secretaries and golf stewards, when the former won the foursomes. Seen above are E. A. Burden (secretary, Woodcote Park), on the left, Major Guy Bennett (secretary, Sunningdale), S. H. Beardmore (steward, Camberley Heath), and S. T. Barron (steward, Royal Wimbledon)

Above: the Rev. A. V. Hauber (Addington), the donor of the cup, and C. Chapman (steward, Bromley and Bickley) at Royal Wimbledon

Right: Four more Hauber Cup competitors. A. Coxall (steward, Beaconsfield), D. F. Meredith (secretary, Tyrells Wood), Captain K. M. Bruce, D.S.O., R.N. (secretary, Gerrard's Cross), and W. E. Cozall (steward, Berkshire)

FOR the English Championship last year, Michael Scott and I were staying in the club house at Formby, and naturally had numerous discussions concerning our Walker Cup team. Scott, who, although captain knew few of his side intimately, like a good captain, was endeavouring to discover as much as he could concerning the various members of his team, and one question he always asked was: "Will he be likely to hole a two-yard putt if he has one either to win or save the match?" and kept saying that those were the type of players he wanted in his team.

TWO interesting golf competitions, that take place about the middle of September every year, are the Kent Cob, which is played over the course of the Knole Park G.C., and the Bishop's Bowl, which is played over the course of the Wildernesse Country Club. Both these competitions are decided by medal play over thirty-six holes, under handicap. The competition for the Kent Cob is open to players with a club handicap of six or better, and the Bishop's Bowl to those with handicaps of seven or better; thus we generally see some of the best players of the year, trying, usually in vain, to give strokes to the rest of the field. Two of the leading golfers who regularly play in these competitions are W. Lister Hartley and D. H. R. Martin, who are both members of Knole Park, and therefore should have an advantage over their adversaries, on account of their knowledge of the local conditions on a course where local knowledge is of more value than is usually the case. This year, besides these two, competitors rated at better than scratch included A. S. G. Thompson and L. G. Crawley. P. B. Lucas entered, but was forced to scratch, as he injured his wrist when practising the day before play started. Lucas has had trouble with his wrist before, and it will certainly be a great handicap to his golf in the future if the cause of the trouble is not located and remedied. There is nothing more trying to the captain of any team than the anxiety that an old injury to one of his best players may make itself evident again at any moment.

WE saw at St. Andrews how severely handicapped the English team was by the withdrawal of Dr. Tweddell, who sprained his ankle during play; it meant that every player had to go up one place, and a man who might possibly win playing number 8 is likely to be beaten when playing number 7.

The more golf I see, the more I realise how difficult it is for players rated at scratch, or better, to win against a large field of handicapped golfers. At Knole Park, Lister Hartley, in spite of equalling the record of the course, could not win, and at the Wildernesse Country Club, L. G. Crawley actually beat the record of the existing course with a score of 68, and even then was not successful.

THE Kent Cob has now been played for nine times, and on only one occasion has a player rated at scratch or better been victorious; this was in 1930, when D. H. R. Martin, playing off plus one, won with scores of 77 plus 73, which made the highest total ever successful. On five occasions the winner has been handicapped at five or over, and three winners have been handicapped at six, the present maximum handicap.

The Bishop's Bowl has not, as you might think, anything to do with a bishop; it was presented by a very venerable gentleman who might easily be mistaken for a bishop, and who makes his home at the Wildernesse Country Club for a considerable period each year; it has now been played for six times, and has never been won by a player rated at better than scratch, but on one occasion a scratch man was successful.

Until this year, no player had ever won both these competitions; it was therefore all the more credit to R. D. Blackwell (Aldeburgh G.C., handicap 4) for bringing off the double this year. Blackwell, who played extremely well from the beginning to the end of these meetings, holed his last nine holes at Knole Park in the wonderful score of 32, and finished by inserting a putt of over two yards to beat Hartley by one stroke, and he knew that he had to hole it, knowledge which certainly does not tend to make any putt any easier.

THE courses of the Knole Park G.C. and the Wildernesse Country Club are practically next door to each other, and possess some rather unusual similarities; the professionals are brothers, and at one time the secretaries were brothers and the presidents possessed the same name, but were not related. Also, each course starts with a one-shot hole. There are many arguments against starting with holes of this type, but they have at least one point in their favour, namely, that they immediately spread out the field, and thus little waiting should be necessary later in the round.

THIS is a very great advantage, especially when such large fields as those that take part in the Kent Cob and Bishop's Bowl have to be accommodated. The winner, Blackwell, plays left-handed. I cannot remember a year when so many left-handers have been successful in golf competitions of importance. Ivor Thomas, of Formby, won the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and returned the leading card in the inter-county meeting, which was held, as usual, on the Saturday before the English Championship; R. Crauford Benson won the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, and it is common knowledge that P. B. Lucas has had a most successful season, including an overwhelming victory, in what should be his most important match of the year, against the leader of Oxford, who afterwards won the West of England Championship on the same course as the University match was played.

We seldom find one left-handed winner in a season's golf, to find at least four successful in the same year is most unusual.

MOTORISTS AND LAGONDA

Motorists will be glad to hear of the introduction for 1936 of a new 4½-litre Lagonda. The stronger organisation, under new direction, with Mr. W. O. Bentley as Technical Director, has developed and perfected a Lagonda which will particularly appeal to knowledgeable motorists requiring a car possessing the rare and very attractive qualities peculiar to a high calibre British car. The Lagonda is not quite the fastest car made, nor even the most luxurious, yet for the perfect combination of effortless and abundant speed with studied comfort, and real road safety, it is perhaps without equal.

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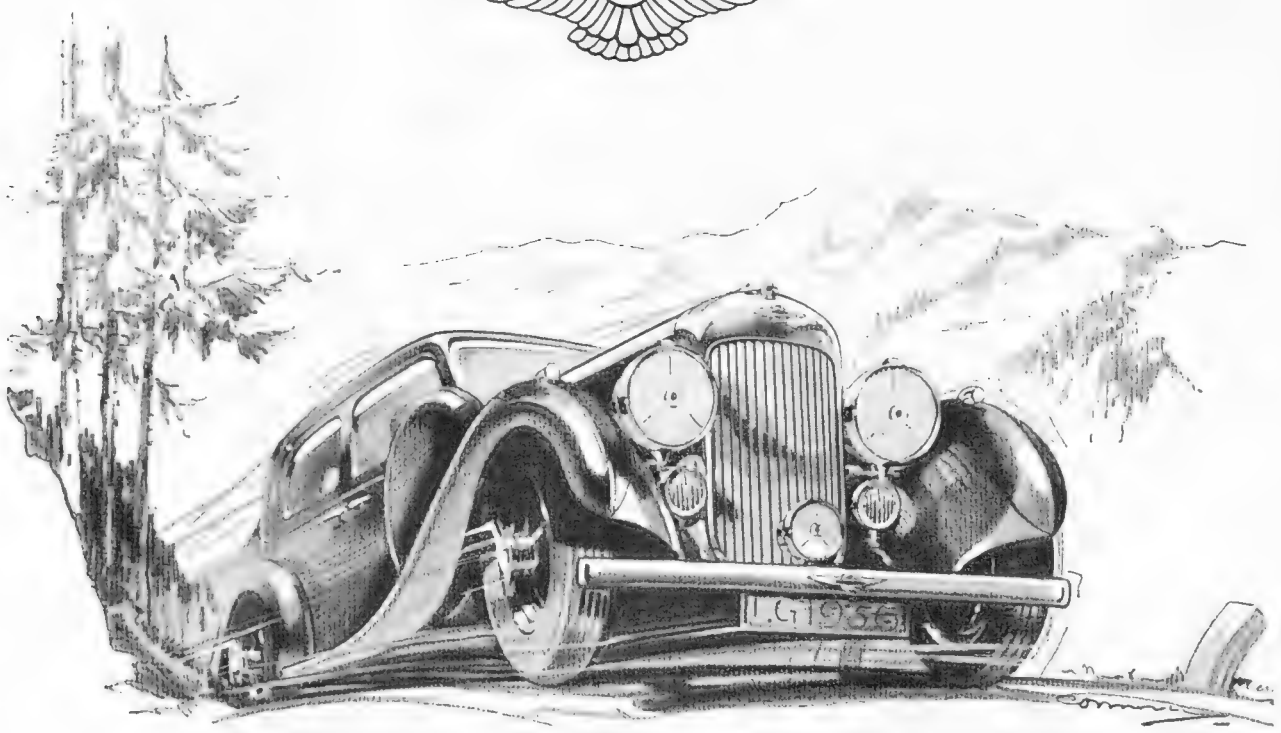

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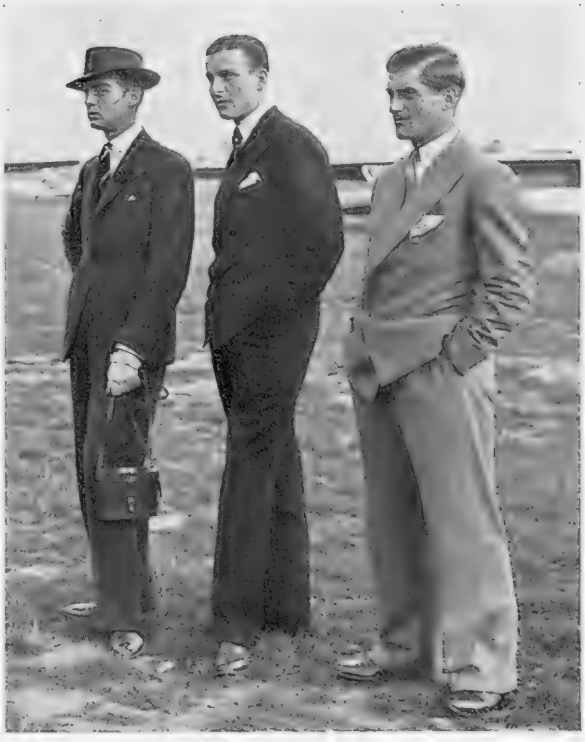
Round the World By Flying Boat: By Charles Ward

Empire Air Cruisers

It has been known for some time that developments on our long-distance air routes are to take the form of much-increased speed, night flying, and that the new craft will be flying-boats. Short Brothers, of Rochester, have the order for the new boats, so that continuity of designing experience has been maintained. Imperial Airways' original flying-boats were the Calcuttas, two of which have returned for home duty as trainers after seven years' service in the Mediterranean and on the Nile. These were followed by the Kent class, three of which operate four services a week in each direction between Italy and Egypt. Their comfort and the sense of security for passengers is greater than that experienced in any other air liner I know. To obtain higher cruising speed—at least 160 miles an hour is the objective—a fundamental change has been made in the new boats, in that they are high-wing monoplanes. Their weight will be seventeen tons, about half that achieved in the military flying-boat, also built by Shorts, which has proved quite successful. Variable-pitch airscrews, slots and flaps, are amongst modern features to be incorporated. The hull will be a two-decker; passengers below in spacious cabins as advertised, with the crew, mail, and cargo above. Altogether a thrilling prospect for 1937.



Amateurs at Heston: from left to right, Mr. Mick Hanbury, Mr. Pat Hanbury, and the Hon. Henry Lock watching the start of the London to Cardiff Race, which was won by Captain Edgar Percival flying his "Mew Gull"

Competitors On the Wing

Our most formidable competitors in air transport are the Americans, Germans, French, and Italians, in precisely that order. Compromise and co-operation are indicated, always with the idea that Empire services should be "Imperial" in its widest sense, because our interests, political and commercial, demand it. There is a proposition on paper for an air service between the United States and New Zealand, which, in effect, means a line between Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Already Canada is wedded to the United States' air system. They are neighbours, speak practically the same language, have a very similar climate, and therefore use similar aircraft. The demands of a continent are quite different from those of an island like Great Britain, so that the aircraft of the United States suit Canada and Australia much more than do those designed here for home routes.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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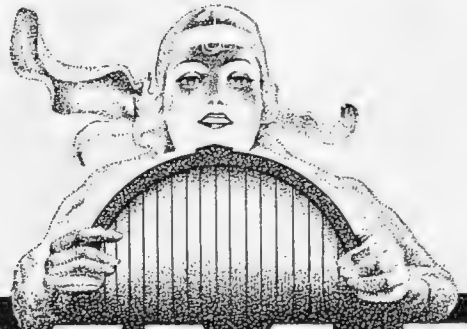

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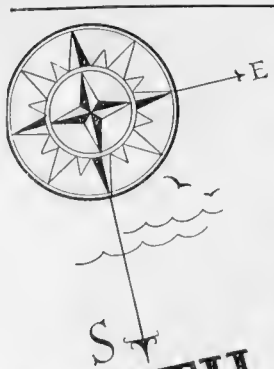

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Round the World By Flying Boat

(Continued from page iv)

There is an obvious need for a Pacific air line that shall be Imperial, but we are not ready to propose or operate. We cannot deny the southern Dominions their right to improved transport facilities, so it seems well to co-operate with the Americans in their new scheme. After all, Anglo-American hostility is impossible. The safest policy for many years to come must be a close liaison between American and British interests in the air, for defence as well as for trade.

"Sefton Brancker"

UNDER this title, with the jacket bearing the R.A.F. motto, "Per Ardua Ad Astra," a phrase completely typical of Brancker's work, Heinemann's have published the memoirs of the most famous figure in British aeronautics. The editor is Norman Macmillan, an early R.F.C. pilot who has remained in this flying business and has proved by other writings to be a most competent author. Sir Sefton Brancker was, at the time of his death, the only man who held the key to the history of British military and civil aviation alike, for he had grown up with the R.F.C. and R.A.F., becoming a Major-General in the former and an Air Vice-Marshal in the latter, before leaving the Service to be our Director of Civil Aviation. It is as D.C.A. that he is remembered by the present generation, and it was whilst flying on duty in the airship R.101 that he lost his life in 1930. I met him on several occasions during the war and many times at Gwydyr House and at aeronautical functions. I would say that no one had greater influence over the early development of air transport within the Empire. By his example of courage and decision, by his shrewd observations and caustic wit, he was an inspiration to all who came into contact with him. The book is a fitting memorial to a great man and the most important contribution to the political history of aviation during those fateful twenty years—1911-1930.

Notes from the Tarmac

THERE'S lots in a name, and thank you, Mr. Howard Hughes, for your compliment to England in naming your American-built racer, that flew at 350 m.p.h., the "British Comet." Tom Campbell Black's bad luck on the Cape flight is much regretted, and he has his wife to thank for two lives saved by "Irvin" parachute. Total engine failure is almost unknown in these days, and one can't help feeling that there was a petrol pipe choke to account for the phenomenon.

A professional discussion—Lord Sempill recounting some experiences to Herr Kronfeld, the Austrian gliding expert, and Mr. E. C. Gordon England, a director of General Aircraft

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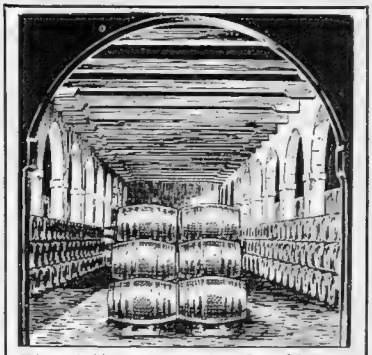

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS *(Continued)*

Recitals

FEODOR GORSKY.—First of his three 'cello recitals: Grotrian Hall, October 3rd, 8.30.

JEANNE CHAMBARD.—Piano recital of modern French music: Wigmore Hall, October 3rd, 8.30.

JOHN HUNT.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, October 4th, 8.30.

MARY HUMBY and the STRATTON QUARTET: Grotrian Hall, October 4th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS, LIONEL TERTIS, WILLIAM PRIMROSE.—First of "British Artists" series of concerts: Hyde Park Hotel, October 6th, 9.

CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS.—Sammons, Tertis, Kennedy, Murdoch; first concert: Grotrian Hall, October 8th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elizabeth Welch, the coloured singer, entertains; Jack Harris and his band play; you can dance without dressing on the balcony; extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another new floor show has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band, and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant plus cabaret is opened from October 7th.

NEW CHARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kaye's band plays.

SAN MARCO.—Mantovani's band is one of London's most attractive—and quiet; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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Copenhagen V. Denmark 37

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Cars of To-day Are Better Sprung : By The Earl of Cardigan

In the matter of springing, motor-car design does not progress in any very rapid or startling manner. Individual cars may be suddenly improved ; but the industry as a whole moves gradually from one stage of springing development to the next, so that, if one is not watching closely, the continual process of transition may pass quite unnoticed.

Moreover, I suppose that, in England, we are not really "springing-conscious," as compared with the inhabitants of less-favoured countries. Our roads are good, and they continually get better and better. Indeed, one of my great difficulties nowadays, when I am testing cars in the neighbourhood of London, is to find a stretch of road which is sufficiently bad to "show up" the faults or virtues of any new system of springing.

When, however, one gets away into the country, and can find a really nasty bit of road, with pot-holes of the good (or bad) old-fashioned sort, one soon begins to realise how much things have changed. I suppose that one can already drive as much as fifty per cent. faster over a rough surface than was possible a few years ago.

The technical changes, of course, have been very considerable when viewed over a period of years. When I first took a serious interest in such matters, the ideal type of rear springing was considered to be cantilever. Nearly all big and luxurious cars, at any rate, had cantilever rear springs, with semi-elliptic, or perhaps quarter-elliptic springs in front. There was one car with three-quarter-elliptic rear springs, and I seem to remember that there were other variations as well. Shock-absorbers were almost unknown.

The first really important change was a move towards standardisation. It gradually became accepted that the semi-elliptic spring was preferable to any other variety. Further, it was found that the spring, for comfort, should be as long as possible, and that it should have attached a powerful shock-absorber to check excessive rebound.

In the eyes of a great many motorists, this is the position to-day. Long, semi-elliptic springs with shock-absorbers constitute orthodox suspension for the modern car, with perhaps a "remote control" system for adjusting the shock-absorbers while the car is running.

If we inquire more closely, however, we shall find that, actually, the situation is not quite so simple or so static as this would suggest. Independent springing, either for the front wheels only or for all four wheels, is "the coming thing"—and it is coming, I fancy, very rapidly indeed.

Already it is possible to think of many cars which have their front wheels sprung independently, with no solid front axle to transmit the individual shocks. The result is what the Americans call "knee action"—i.e., the car so designed can have one wheel bounced up by a stone in the road without the chassis as a whole being tilted. It is comparable to a man standing upright on uneven ground, through having one knee bent.

Will independent front springing become general, and, if so, will this be only a step towards independent four-wheel springing becoming general also ? I myself am now inclined to answer these questions in the affirmative, and, for the same reason, to watch the development of springing in the near future with more than ordinary interest.

Strangers at the Club

(*Continued from page 28*)

line the ride between it and the main covert. You run back, Mary, m'dear, and see if you can get past the beaters when we go over the top. Only be careful. I wouldn't trust these heroes not to take a cut at you, even when you 're runnin'. We 'll fly over left. That 's probably where they 've got the worst shots."

Pop !—pop !—pop !—pop ! Two rabbits came running past and then a fox, red-faced and crafty. He winked at them as he loped by, as if to say : "This ain't my day, chaps. It 's your party."

The tapping came closer.

"Oafs !" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Come on. Are you ready, you fellows ? Right ! We 'll take off."

They roared up into the air behind him, through the oak branches with the brown leaves hanging ready to fall and between the tall, thin stems of young larches.

"Let 's show 'em some rocketing," Sir Henry crowed.

Up, up ; suddenly they were above the trees, fir and oak, chestnut, beech, and ash, like a multi-shaded green cloud below, with the dark rides intersecting it and plough and pasture spreading all around. He still soared and the others followed him. He was heading left-handed to get over to the great wood of firs on the hill which was too thick for beaters to penetrate. There were two of three pheasants breaking cover below at a much lower altitude. The Colonel saw one of them suddenly crumple into a long-tailed fluster of feathers and go somersaulting down to earth. Silly fools, to fly so low.

He could see the guns far away beneath. Six men along the edge of the wood, each with a loader, and two or three black retrievers at work picking up birds. That ass Chalmers was probably gun-shy. He uttered a squawk of defiance. Puffs of smoke and explosion below him. Something went whistling and whining past him and George, who was just ahead (but then George was younger) sang out : "No good, these blighters ! "

Then he suddenly wasn't there. Where 's George ? George was spinning over and over down to earth. No, he wasn't. It was Sir Henry. Poor old chap ! Butchered to make a financier's holiday. Well, they were out of the fire zone now, he and George. They 'd got away with it. Shown those blighters how to fly. He set his wings and started planing down to Dark Wood, with George a little ahead. A jay came bustling out. Noisy devils, jays. George was slowing down. A feather came drifting back as they slid through the branches and into the dark, safe shade, then a little cluster. They landed.

"Good work, George."

George did not answer. He ran a little, then sat down.

"What 's the matter ? What 's the matter, old fellow ? You 're all right, aren't you ? "

George's body was sagging down on to the dark litter. His wings and tail spread convulsively across the smooth brown pine needles.

"I say, George. You 're all right. Buck up, old chap."

A little throaty sound came from George—a sort of cluck.

Oh, *damn* ! George, his friend. He had sunk right down, flattened on to the ground. His eyes fluttered and closed. Just a heap of brown and barred and gaily coloured feathers. No good.

There 'd be no one he knew at the club this evening. He started off sadly to look for Mary.

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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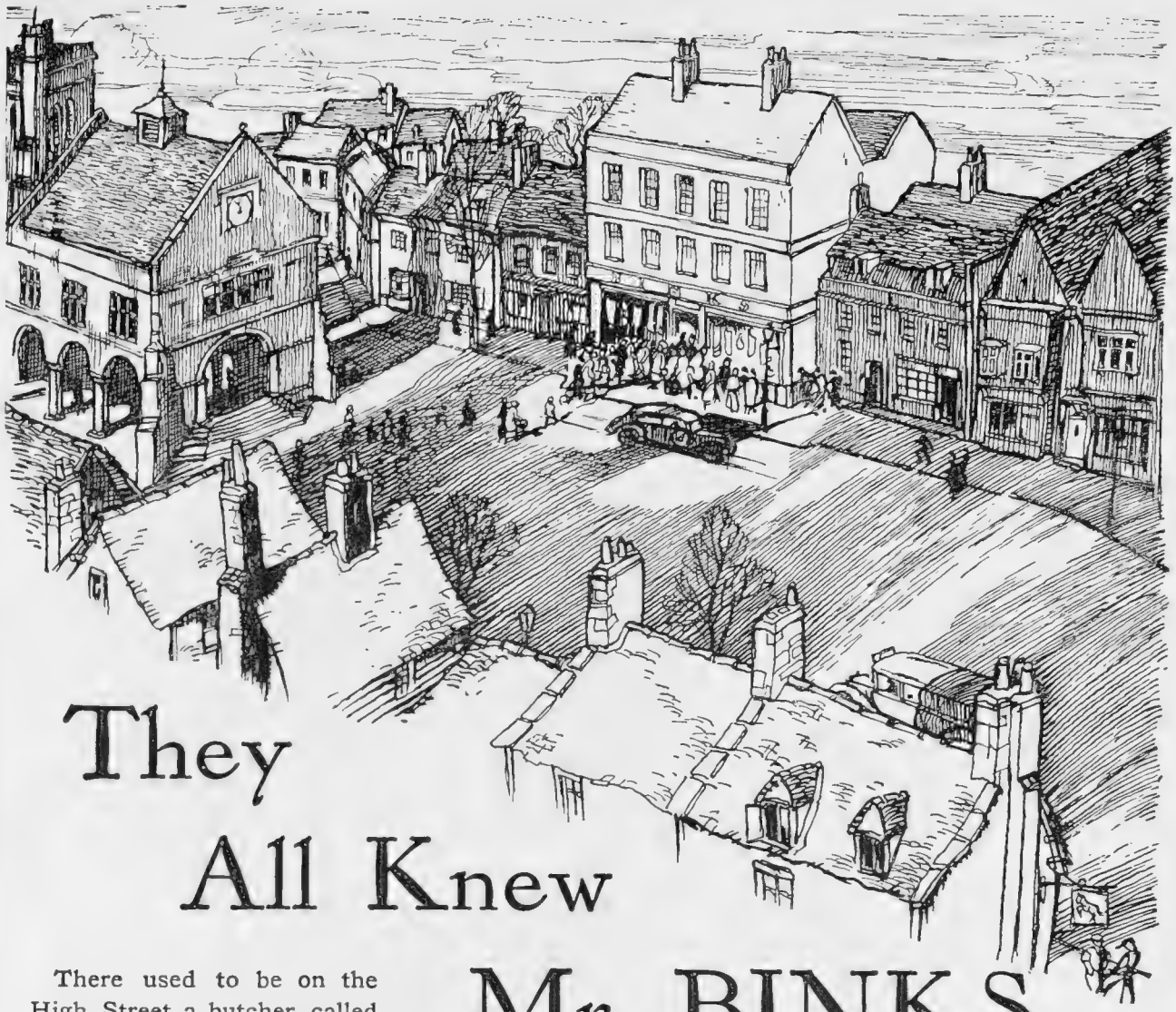


They All Knew Mr. BINKS

There used to be on the High Street a butcher called Binks who sold such grand meat that never once did he lose a customer.

* * *

No other butcher in the town could show you counters so freshly scoured, or knives and choppers and hooks so silvery; and whether he was weighing a whacking big joint or half-a-pound of steak, down with an honest thump would go your side of the scales and as often as not with a fine lump of suet thrown in for luck.

* * *

A cheerful, likeable soul, this Binks, who well deserved to get on. And get on he did, for at fifty he retired, selling his business to a stranger.

* * *

So passed a name that will never be forgotten by the folks who bought their meat from Binks.

* * *

But there; that was only a year ago and now the shop is closed, for Jinks, the new man, quickly lost all his custom. The meat he sold looked decent enough but cooked as tough as leather. He wore a greasy coat. He snapped at children. He imagined that once a week was often enough to clean up the shop. Customers never called a second time and up went Mr. Jinks' shutters.

* * *

So passed another name that was remembered, but only as a warning.

* * *

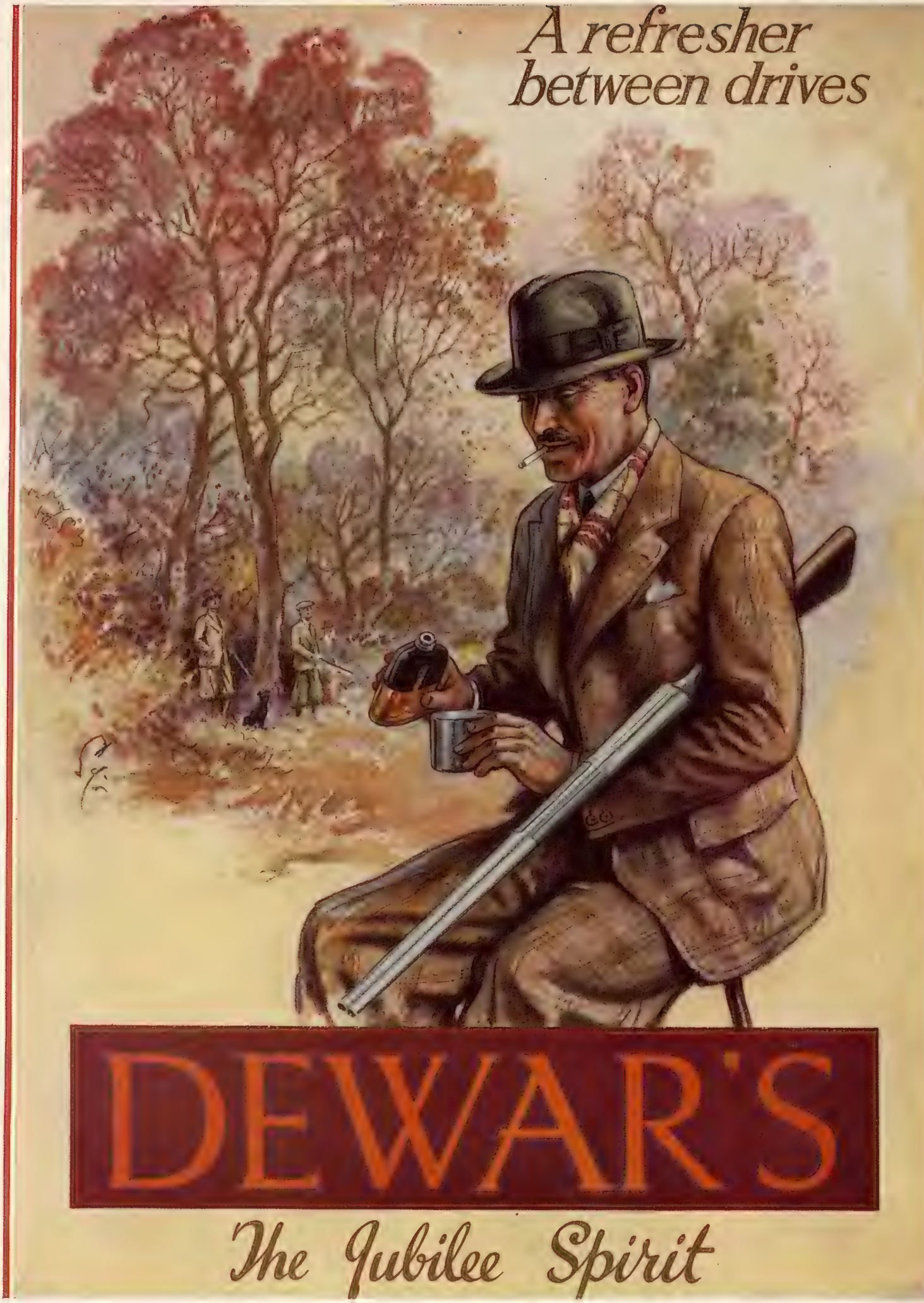
Two butchers. Two names. One a success, the other a failure. To Binks, people went regularly for their meat. One visit to Jinks was more than enough.

* * *

The same sort of test applies nowadays to everything that is sold. Nobody buys poor stuff twice! Everybody shuns a name that cannot be trusted. No firm can go on advertising things that are not good. Which is exactly why the articles whose names you see advertised over and over again in this paper are plainly and indisputably the best your money can buy.

* * *

Well, then: make a regular habit of asking for what you want by its advertised name and be quite sure you do get just what you ask for.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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Diana Dugdale

Is the eldest daughter of Major W. M. Dugdale, D.S.O., and Mrs. Dugdale, of Llwyn, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire; she is engaged to Hugh Salusbury Mainwaring, 10th Royal Hussars, only son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Randle Mainwaring, C.B.E., and Lady Mainwaring

Navana

Felicity Mayhew

Is engaged to Jack Harlow, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harlow, of Northfields, Datchet. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mayhew, whose home is at Normanhurst, Datchet, Buckinghamshire

Bartelt—O'Malley

Richard Lionel Fritz Bartelt, son of the late Captain F. R. Bartelt, and of Mrs. Bartelt, of Southbourne, Bournemouth, and Sheila Mary O'Malley, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Harold O'Malley, of Suir Castle, Golden, Tipperary, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Bassano

Joan Annette Tuck

Is the daughter of Major Sir W. Reginald Tuck, Bt., and Lady Tuck, of Free Chase, Warninglid, Sussex, and is to marry Alwyn Eric Bolton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bolton, of Gill Wood, Wadhurst, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Anne Maude

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Probyn Maude, of Brunswick Gardens, W.8; she is engaged to Lieut. Gerald Goldsmith, R.N., only son of the late Major G. Goldsmith, and of Mrs. Goldsmith, of Heatherbank, Chislehurst, Kent

Gibbs—Rose

J. Clifford Gibbs, the former English Rugby International, son of the late Mr. W. J. Gibbs, and Phyllis Rose, the daughter of Mr. W. Swinstead Rose and the late Mrs. Rose, of Bromley, Kent, were married in the Central Hall, Bromley

Navana

Margaret Turnbull

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Turnbull, of Neverelle House, Colchester, and is engaged to Edward Stewart, Royal Signals, eldest son of Major-General E. M. Stewart, C.B., O.B.E., and Mrs. Stewart, of Army Headquarters, India

Kay Vaughan

Sheela Langdale Jones

Is to marry John Stillingfleet Metcalfe, son of the Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Metcalfe, of Elvetham Rectory. She is the only daughter of the late Major Langdale Jones and Mrs. Langdale Jones, of Birklands, North Farnborough

Lenare

Joan Morris

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Morris, of 8c, Hyde Park Mansions, Marylebone, N.W.1, and is engaged to G. Elliot Lawson, who lives at 31, Alfred Place, South Kensington, S.W.7

Bassano

Lynette Edgeworth-Johnstone

Is the daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Edgeworth-Johnstone, of 1, Regent's Park Terrace; shortly, she is to marry in Trinidad St. John Harper, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harper, of Southborough, Kent

Skirving — Colville

Robert William Skirving and Magdalen Colville, only daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Ker Colville, and of Mrs. Colville, of Bowden Hall, Gloucester, were married at All Saints', North Cerney, Glos. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. Robert Skirving, of Cobairdy, Aberdeenshire, and of Mrs. Skirving, of Rocombe, Torquay

Coghill — Newbold

Captain Harry Coghill, the Rifle Brigade, son of Canon Ernest Coghill, and Mrs. Coghill, of Southwell, Notts, and Hilda M. E. Newbold, daughter of the Rev. A. H. D. Newbold, of Speen, were married at St. Mary's Church, Speen, Newbury

Southby — Balston

Archibald R. C. Southby, the Rifle Brigade, elder son of Commander A. R. J. Southby, R.N., M.P., and Mrs. Southby, of Hillden, Banstead, and Joan Balston, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Balston, of Onslow Square, S.W., were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Holloway — Evans

Roland David Holloway, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Holloway, of Beddington, Oxford, and Nancy Briant Evans were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Arthur Evans, O.B.E., M.S., M.D., F.R.C.S., and of Mrs. Evans, of Akenside Road, Hampstead

Dawes — Fortune

Alan Bethel Dawes, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, the only son of Major and Mrs. B. M. Dawes, of Coley, Lyndhurst, and Helena Victoria Fortune, the elder daughter of Brigadier V. M. Fortune, D.S.O., and Mrs. Fortune, were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Game — White

Philip Malcolm Game, elder son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., and of Lady Game, and Anne White, younger daughter of the late Major White and of Mrs. White, of Tarrant Gunville, Dorset, were married at St. Mary's Church, Tarrant Gunville

Rogers — Williams

Squadron-Leader G. P. V. Rogers, Royal Air Force, and Rachel, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Lloyd Vaughan Seymour Williams, K.B.E., T.D., and of Lady Williams, of the Lodge, Warmley, near Bristol, were married at Warmley Parish Church

Hartenstein—Marten

Prince Louis Schonburg-Hartenstein, second son of Prince and Princess Johannes Schonburg-Hartenstein, of Vienna, and Dilys Marten, second daughter of Major E. R. Marten, and of Mrs. G. T. Marten, were married at the Church of St. Peter and St. Edward, Palace Street, Westminster

Barrington—Dommergues

Michael O'Brien Shute Barrington, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barrington, and Yvonne Guary-Dommergues, the daughter of Mme. Nebel of Paris, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. The bridegroom is a grandson of the Baroness de Tuyll

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 2—October 8

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A witty original comedy with an old story but a new treatment; Nicholas Hannen as a middle-aged playwright and Greer Garson as his young secretary are excellent; so is the whole cast: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE APPLE CART.—Third play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Oriel Ross: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies now plays the woman's part in this two-charactered play; Oscar Homolka acts brilliantly as the man: Savoy, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.—W. H. Anden's play opens the Group Theatres season, with T. S. Eliot's SWEENEY AGONISTES: Westminster, 8.45. Wed., 6.30 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8 30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IMMORTAL GARDEN.—A revival of H. C. G. Stevens's play about the next world, with C. V. France, Peggy Simpson, Yoland Terrell, John Y. Smart: Playhouse, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding as Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—A new Shakespearean season opens; the cast includes Valentine Dyall, Richard Ainley, Maureen Shaw: Lyric, Hammersmith, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEER GYNT.—William Devlin as Peer, Vivienne Bennett as Solveig, Florence Kahn, Ion Swinley are in this fine production of the Ibsen Masterpiece: Old Vic, 7.45 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—Another Restoration comedy—by Otway—with Balliol Holloway, Athene Seyler, Lesley Wareing, Huntley Wright: Ambassadors.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER !—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 65.—Meggie Eaton and Doris Barry, soubrettes; Eddie Kelland sings and dances, Eric Woodburn sings, and Eric Barker and Milne and West do funny stuff: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

RIVALS !—A musical version of Sheridan's comedy, with Winifred Campbell, Elsie French, Frederick Ranalow, Bruce Carfax in it: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STOP . . . GO !—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoys themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ANNA KARENINA.—Garbo's new film, with Fredric March as her lover, starts its run on October 4th: Empire.

THE CROUCHING BEAST.—That fine actor, Fritz Kortner, is in this film of Valentine Williams' thriller, with Wynne Gibson: London Pavilion.

THE CRUSADES.—Spectacularly superb, historically absurd; this de Mille production is good screen value, and Herbert Wilcoxon, Loretta Young, Ian Keith, and Katherine de Mille all look their parts: Carlton.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

DANTE'S INFERNO.—A spectacular version of Hell, with Spencer Tracey, Claire Trevor as leads in the modern story that leads there. Also DOUBTING THOMAS, one of Will Rogers' last pictures: Capitol.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner as Gemma Jones still fascinates in this sad little story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE INFORMER.—This is Liam O'Flaherty's brilliant novel filmed, with Victor McLaglen as the I.R.A. renegade: Plaza, from October 4th.

JAZZ COMEDY.—A modern Russian comic, with lots of broad fun and no propaganda, directed by Alexandrov: Academy.

MUSIC IN THE BLOOD.—A German musical, with the tenor, Leo Slezak, Hanna Waag, and Elsa Wagner as the stars. Also John Grierson's SONG OF CEYLON Curzon.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

STORMY WEATHER.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are together again, with Yvonne Arnaud; the story is Ben Travers's: New Gallery.

SWEET MUSIC.—A new musical, with Rudy Vallee as star, plus Ann Dvorak, Robert Armstrong: Regal.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?—The new Walt Disney gangster symphony is on: Tivoli and Leicester Square.

OPERA

GRAND OPERA FESTIVAL.—With Sir Thomas Beecham as artistic director and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, at Covent Garden, to October 5th.

SIEGFRIED, in English: to-night, 7.30.

KOANGA: October 3rd, 8.30.

UN BALLO DI MASCHERA: October 4th, 8.

LA BOHEME: October 5th, 2.30.

DER FREISCHUTZ, in English: October 5th, 8.30.

SADLER'S WELLS.

LA TRAVIATA (Verdi): to-night, 8.

FRA DIAVOLO (Auber): October 3rd, 8.

FAUST (Gounod), with full ballet: October 4th, 8.

BORIS GODUNOF (Mussorgsky): October 5th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpman, Harold Turner.

HAUNTED BALLROOM, SYLPHIDES, RAKE'S PROGRESS: October 5th, 2.30.

HAUNTED BALLROOM, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE (first production here), CASSE NOISETTE, ACT III.: October 8, 8.30.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The new repertoire includes THE GREEN TABLE, THE MIRROR, THE BIG CITY, THE PRODIGAL SON, etc.: Gaiety, 8.45.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Eglevsky: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8. (Last week.)

TO-NIGHT: Brahms concert, including Third Symphony, Piano Concerto No. 2 (Myra Hess), Phi.ip Sainton's Sérénade Fantastique for Viola and Orchestra (Bernard Shore).

OCTOBER 3RD: Mozart-Haydn concert includes Mozart's Symphony No. 35, and two-piano Concerto in E flat (Ethel Bartlett, Rae Robertson); Haydn's Symphony No. 45.

OCTOBER 4TH: Beethoven concert; Ninth Symphony, and Choral Fantasia.

OCTOBER 5TH: Last Saturday programme; the important thing is Sir Henry Wood's Fantasia on British Sea Songs.

(*Continued on page* vii)

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